

**NEW SERIES. No. 17.**



**THE SATIRIST,**  
OR  
**MONTHLY METEOR.**

---

DECEMBER 1st, 1813.

---

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARICATURE.

—

WE present our readers with a sketch of the last exploit of the French Usurper in Germany. Misfortune is said to be the nurse of virtue, and there is large room for its lessons in Napoleon. But if the mind is hopeless, much may be done in the case of bodily vigour, and the last two years of his life have abounded with exercises for his activity that might have nerved more than a meagre Italian. The race from Moscow was, it must be owned, rather severe upon a beginner, and a beginner he was still, notwithstanding the race from Egypt, in itself a masterpiece, but rather too obscure, and too much indebted to luck, to be set down legitimately among the feats of Imperial agility. The Moscow run was, however, perfect in all its parts. From the moment of starting, he was never headed, eager as the Cossack whippers-

in were on the slot, he never gave them a view, and, while his lads of Paris and of Rome were variegating the snows with eagles and embroidery, the master of the herd, "*vento velocior*," was many a league before. The late movement towards the Rhine may yet be quoted as one of the happiest evidences of the effect of habit. If on the Moscow road he exhibited symptoms of faintness, and retorted every shout of the Cossacks that came along the wind with sarcasms on "their frightful climate," we hear nothing of this on the chase from Leipsic. Here his course was smooth; he moved on with the rapidity of practice, distanced even the reports of his ruin, and arrived on his own ground before the fleetest of his own couriers. What signal evidence of activity he may next project it is not easy to conjecture: all grounds are alike to him; the difference of climate produces no effect on his speed. Egypt with her scorching and her sands, Russia with her snows and frost, Germany with her rains and rivers, all are alike; and it is still to be seen, whether in his next exhibition he will, like Rainer, take it all in a heat, and run till he is knocked up; or, like Captain Barclay, time his motion, and run his daily distance for months in succession. The ground for the match is hard to be fixed, only from the variety of spots that offer. In Holland he may soon be indulged with a very striking display, but unfortunately there can be no great hope of an extended run. From the Pyrenees to Paris is sporting ground, and he may run himself out of breath before he gets to the post. From the Rhine to Strasburg the country is more favourable, but he will still have to go rather up hill, and there is no great probability of his finding *backers* of any kind. On the whole, it is to be feared, that he is of a family noted for foot, and own brother to Jerome and Joseph, who have already

showed such speed on the Madrid and Cassel roads. There is some fear that he is touched in the wind; another match will probably be his last, and the world may shortly have to deplore a combination of legs and lungs, whose "like they shall never see again."



### THE FALSE PROPHET.

—  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

"WHEN England shall be exhausted; when she at last shall have felt the evils which for twenty years she has with so much cruelty poured upon the Continent; when half her families shall be in mourning; then shall a peal of thunder put an end to the affairs of the Peninsula; the destinies of her armies; and avenge Europe and Asia by finishing this second Punic war." Such were the words of Napoleon Buonaparte, June 16th, 1811, to the Legislative Body: let us see, Sir, in Nov. 1813, how much of the above blasphemous assertions has been realised. Are the resources of England, cruel, unjust, tyrannical England, exhausted? Is the poor, lost, degraded "nation of shopkeepers" a bankrupt? And has she yet sunk herself so low by her follies, or involved herself so deeply by her prodigality, as to own France for her creditor? From one end of the world to the other, the answer is, No! Her fleets still ride in awful pride on the bosom of the deep; stretched are the sails of her merchantmen to distant climes; invincible is her arm in defence of herself, nervous and ready in the protection of others. The sword of war

has succeeded in depriving many of the life they bore, and so far have her families worn the mourning of death ; but the same cause that inflicts bears also an antidote to the wound ; for the reflection, that the son fell in defence of their homes, their liberties, their lives, will sooth the heart of his parents, and gratitude for their deliverance from bondage, mingled with wishes for revenge on the being who is its source, soon supersedes the sighs of despair.

The "peal of thunder" has been heard and felt on the disturbed shores of the Peninsula, but it has burst on the blasphemer's head. Closed (may we say) is the affairs of the Peninsula, but it has been by the discomfiture of the Prophet's hopes, and the utter ruin of his armies. Finished (may we hope) is the sound of death in that quarter, but it has been by the triumph of justice over perfidy—of the sword of freedom over the trammels of slavery.

"Europe" has been "avenged," gloriously, permanently avenged ; and the Prophet, whilst he curses the fulfilment of this part of his divinations, writhes beneath the agonies they inflict upon his soul.

Oh ! that the shades of a D'Engihenne, a Wright, a Moreau, could rise from their early tombs, and, beholding in how glorious, how a sacred a manner this

———"Tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,"

has recoiled upon himself, inflict fresh and more galling tortures upon the guilty wretch,

———Who fights to-day,

To save his carcase, and to run away,

by the smiles they would bestow on those who have so

nobly revenged their martyrdom. Oh, that a Pitt and a Perceval, the champions of fair and *real* liberty, could for a moment wake from their sleep of death, and behold the glorious fulfilment of those hopes they cherished in their lives, the pure undeniable triumph of that hallowed cause they would have purchased by their deaths!

Pardon, Sir, that the feelings of an unlettered, yet not ungrateful, Englishman should have thus usurped your readers, and your own more valuable time; and yet, as I believe you are no half-bred Briton, and that you are not ashamed to call the soil you inhabit your own, I hope apologies are unnecessary. In the words, therefore, of an ancestor, of whom we have good cause to be proud, and whose efforts, as ours, against the same foe, were blessed with success, I close this imperfect sketch—

O Heaven, thy arm was here !

And not to us but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all.—

And be it death proclaimed through our host,

To boast of this, or take that praise from Heav'n

Which is his only.

Φίλος Πατριδός.

Nov. 20th, 1813.

---

## PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

---

To you I address myself—To you, a people once famed for your loyal attachment to your kings; once renowned for chivalrous valour in the field, as for chivalrous principles in the motives which determined you to arm.—People of France—I call upon you to view your altered

situation, and to avenge yourselves on its cause. Ask yourselves, Frenchmen, why it is that your name has become so hateful to Europe, and odious to the world. Ask yourselves, Frenchmen, why you are no longer respected abroad, nor happy at home. Ask yourselves, why your children, dragged forth by the cruellest conscription, are doomed to perish beneath the avenging swords of patriots of all nations. Does not your conscience whisper the answer—"It is because we have sacrificed all that is becoming, honourable, just, on the altar of a fiend's ambition; it is because we have ceased to be citizens of the world, that we might be changed into the engines of calamity, to afflict the human race for the gratification of a murderer's passions; it is because we have departed from every social bond, violated every social duty, insulated ourselves from the common pale which has united man and man, nation and nation."

Rise, Frenchmen, and free yourselves from this load of shame. Rise, Frenchmen, and be the ministers of justice in your own cause. Wrest from combined nations the honourable task of avenging your wrongs—avenge them yourselves. As the injury is more peculiarly yours, yours be the glory of the vengeance due. Lift your hands, and spare not. Strike down the tyrant; his death is the birth of liberty. Bathe your weapons in the blood of his associates, their fall is your elevation. Heaven demands the blow as an expiation to appease its wrath:—earth demands the blow for the sake of suffering humanity. Every hour they live is the destruction of hundreds of men. Sweep then the vile spoilers from their place; hurl the base Usurper from his throne; cleanse France from the pollution which degrades her below infamy, and brings the heavy hand of Providence upon her in awful visitation.

Look to the Scripture, if the horrid Age of Reason has

not rendered sacred truth worthless, its examples nugatory, its precepts vain. For whom, and for whose crimes has the storm and tempest come upon ye? Why do the angry billows of adversity gather around and lift their raging heads to overwhelm ye? Why are ye left to perish? Who is the JONAH for whose sins this evil has arisen? No voice need proclaim his accursed name. Cast him out, oh men, that the wrath of the elements may ease. Cast him out, that nature may enjoy repose. Cast him out to that profound abyss where no miracle shall interpose to save him. Do this, and redeem yourselves. Purge the land of its single curse; be restored to your rank among nations, flourish once more a great and happy people within the communion of civilized being.

But, were every sense of moral obligation extinct in France; were the minds of its people as utterly debased as their bodies are enslaved; were despotism as successful in emasculating the soul as in diminishing corporeal force and energy; were understanding as blind as the press is fettered, still the proposition of self-interest, the sordid question of profit and loss, the wretched policy which looks not beyond apparent national advantage for the present moment; still, I say, these more ignoble considerations demand the disunion of the cause of France from the cause of Buonaparte. But it is not a dilemma of this sort:

*Non nunc agitur de vectigalibus, non de sociorum injuriis:  
Libertas et anima nostra in dubio est.*

So exclaimed Cicero, and so ought every true Frenchman to exclaim, while he stretches the Corsican on the altar of his country, and sacrifices him to assure its welfare.

The point comes to his heart as well as to his under-

standing. Women of my native land, dearly beloved France, if your husbands have forgot their duty, do yours. Give up your children no longer to satisfy this fiend. Suffer not another half million of lives to be wasted to sustain his sinking throne. His life alone stands in the way of their salvation, and is it not better that even one good man should perish to save so many? Why then should the carcase of a murderer cost the world so dear?

But this is not all. There are your children, and your fathers, and your husbands, pining in the gaols of Britain, and wasting in the frightful climate of the North. Returning peace returns them to your glad embraces—restores them to you, their country, and happiness. I demand of you : will you also sacrifice them to the monster for whom you have already suffered too much?

\* \* \* \* \*



IMPROMPTU, *on the late EVENTS which have taken place*  
in HOLLAND.

HUZZA for the Dutch!!  
Why I told 'em as much,  
If their colours but once were unfurl'd,  
That the tri-colour'd flag  
Would droop a mere rag,  
And henceforth be despis'd through the world.

X. X.

Our chairman, full of glee and whim,  
Cries, "Fill your glasses to the brim :  
'The *Orange* boys—with all my heart,  
And here's the *pip* for *Buonaparte*."

X. X.

## CHELTENHAM.

It seems singular enough that the English people, with the most stationary of all national characters, should be the most fluctuating in their national habits. A century ago the Englishman was the same proud, chilling, unsocial, inflexible personage, that he is vain of being still. A century ago he hated a Frenchman with the same lofty antipathy, taunted him with his wooden shoes as he now does with his conscription, and with the slight substitution of Buonaparte for Louis, he still derides and despises the *Grand Monarque* as he did then. But his habits have undergone the most decided of all possible revolutions. The sons of those fathers, who drudged on heaping plumb to plumb in sleek and silent accumulation behind their counters in Cheapside, and thought, even in their finest fantasies of future repose, of nothing beyond a Sunday dinner at Hackney, or a hut at Highgate, have found a different system absolutely necessary, not simply to their amusement but to their being, not the mere provision for the hour's gaiety, but the condition of their safe existence. The air of London, the least unhealthful perhaps of any capital in the world, was suddenly guessed to be incompatible with health, and the effect was on a scale proportioned in its wisdom and magnitude to the size and sense of the principle. From the beginning of that latter half of winter which the English kindly call Spring, the mass of dwellers at the west end, the rich, the indolent, the infirm, the idle, the lookers for heiresses, and the lookers for heirs, are *egurgitating* from London; and the country, which had slept

1  
n quiet with nothing to awake it but an occasional penance in a white sheet, or an overseer's charity carousal, becomes alive with multitudes of sudden investigators. Harps for the sentimental, pianos for the gay, guitars for the romantic, crowd along the roads, or echo from the cottages; and slim nymphs in white, escorted by Brutused Beaux, are to be flushed in every bower. This immense migration has, like that of the herrings from the Pole about the same season, its objects of use as well as idleness. Like the herrings, thousands coming from no one knows where come only to be devoured, thousands to devour, some to deposit incumbrances which spoiled their shape and impeded their velocity, and some to acquire the *en bonpoint* which conduces so much to the happiness, and occasionally so little to the honour of matrimony. The extent of the progress, however, depends on the properties of the subject; and some of the "fat and greasy" growths of the "great city" still find a share of their native inaptitude for loco-motion. Alderman Curtis may, *wind and weather permitting*, make a trial of his fate, and, half secure that drowning is to have no share in his immortality, row out his mile from Ramsgate, or even venture to encounter the mingled mud and surge that administers such delight to peers and princes at Brighton; but that distinguished and peril-seeking member of the corporation, though he may be an alderman among sailors, is undeniably a sailor among aldermen, and nothing could be a more irregular stretch of consequences than to imagine that he has imitators, much less equals, among his early associates. While the light of head and heart, the loose of character, and the nameless of name pass off through every avenue of the metropolis on horse or foot, on the dickeys of four in hand, or the roofs of stage-coaches, the solemn patriot of the common-hall, heavy with the burden of many a

Lord Mayor's Day, and big with the fate of many a like day to come, unable to *percolate* through a narrower outlet, makes his slow and unctuous way down the Thames, and between the tide and the hoy finds himself at length in Margate, *agglutinated* in snug comfort among the stench of London mutton and disembowelled fowl, the reliques of dilapidated lobsters, and the factors of putrefying weeds and water-closets in full activity; big with the natural and probable expectation of at once renovating his health and doubling his tendencies to devour, gorging himself with unused luxuries, and reducing his flying gout, his steady dropsy, and his overhanging apoplexy, to regular conditions of evacuation. To the lighter species of Metropolitan Emigrants, Margate is only a step in the career of their ambition. Brighton, famed for the best of porter and the most gracious of princes; Dover, for those who are to be amused by the sight of French privateers scouring the British shore when and where they please; Ryde, for the devotees of solitude, starving, and my Lord Spencer's hospitality; Southampton, for the admirers of mud, misery, matronly virtue, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne; all "throw open all their gates," and find all their gates too narrow for their influx of indefatigable, endless, helpless idlers. But the most crowded, animated, absurd, and excuseable of all those haunts, which have been so luckily invented for the occupation of idiots and invalids in the 19th century, is Cheltenham. The country is almost as nature left it, is therefore beautiful, and must continue so for some years, in spite of the pert plantations and stuccoed cottages of citizenship. Feeding and flirtation naturally divide the repute of a watering-place; but Cheltenham, as it is unfortunately a hundred and fifty miles removed from the raptures of dying turbot, and oysters gasping from

their beds, must make up its deficiencies in the former by its redundancy in the latter. Paphos might have been more celebrated; but Cheltenham, whenever it finds an adequate chronicler, may yet shine beside the most renowned of its Greek prototypes. The whole twenty-four hours, which in other climes distribute themselves among the labours and the rests of man, are, in this happy spot, absorbed in drinking water and making love. Like the people of Bruges in Slawkenbergius's tale, one passion seems to have spread itself equally over the total population, and, if matrimony is not the inevitable result, nothing can be more assiduous than the attention to courtship and constitution, to clearing the intestines and opening the heart. Cheltenham deserves an abler historian than it has now found; but, to judge from some of its late *jeux d'esprit*, it will not be long without one. Absurdity is prolific among the free-will independence of English men and women; and where absurdity is, the laughter and his food are found together. The following paper, which includes the most prominent among the late exhibitors, was handed about a few days before the close of the season. To understand its allusions, some familiarity with the place might be required, but the principal personages have already figured too much in Bath not to be easily recognised by the illuminati of that metropolis of folly. The paper is but a fragment, and begins abruptly.

"In one of those intervals of insupportable vacancy which follow breakfast in this most animated spot of the earth, a few days since, I ventured to stroll into the High Street. All delights have their exhaustion, and let those who have looked on Mr. KING's countenance, and submitted to his first five minutes' conversation, conceive the eagerness with which a yawning invalid, not hostile to

the countenance of man, would fly to any resource that relieved him from the master of the ceremonies.

"After submitting to the never-failing bow, and the never-changing compliment, I tried the Sale-room. But there are states of mind when nothing can sooth or solace, and even the eloquence of the auctioneer, powerful as it is to beguile the time of many a glowing dame with no time to lose, came on me with more than its usual languor. Yet in Cheltenham expedients for escaping from oneself are too numerous to evade a more incurious eye than mine, and the libraries were still ready to interpose between me and absolute slumber. Let no gentle reader of mine misconceive the term as implying a grave compilation of calf-skin bindings, lettered with the names of morals and metaphysics, histories and travels, but a gay collection of toys and trinkets, novels and toothpick-cases, with a harp constantly at work, or only alleviated by the burst of half a dozen horns and clarionets making their way through the thick rising din of a hundred or two of women, of all tongues, conditions, and sexes.—In the cessation of one of the water-spouts, which those unacquainted with the natural curiosities of Cheltenham may in their ignorance call showers, I wandered into Ruff's Library. I there found the lovely *Madame Montgomery* studying politics in the midst of a circle of beaux and belles; probably equally admiring and emulous of this exquisite *etudiante*. We wandered away together to call on *Pauline Cheri*, whom we found at high mass. *Cooke*, the lovely relique of so many charms, was shedding matron tears at *Heroe's* lecture, and, after drying up those liquid crystals which once softened hearts nearer a throne, we set out to stray wherever fancy and the moment might decide. On passing that happy specimen of architecture, where *Mr. Thompson*, with equal expenditure of waggyery

and whitewash, has blazoned forth the multitude of salts of all possible names and natures, sulphuric, chalybeate, &c. &c. &c. which day by day permeate the systems of so many interesting fair ones, the conversation became irresistibly attic and entertaining. *Cooke*, expanded into the happiest anecdotes of the Duke of —; *Pauline* was exuberant on the lazy assiduities of my Lord *Sligo*; and nothing could be more amusing than *Montgomery* in developing the mysteries of Berkley Castle. In the midst of this “flow of soul,” we suddenly found ourselves in a small enclosure at the foot of Lackington Hill, which suspended all our festivity in surprise. It was a dim and deeply shaded retreat, overhung with cypress and willow so thick, that a sunbeam scarcely found its way. The verdure was luxuriant, but the few roses that sprung there were pale. The air felt still and sweet with the odour of the violets and wild flowers that grew thick along the only path that led into the grove, and that was so unbeaten that it seemed as if a stranger’s feet had not trodden it for years. A few white monuments appearing through the depth of the shade, told us that this exquisite and melancholy place was for the dead. As we recovered the first impression, some names that we had known among the great and gay caught our eye, and we gradually found that this was a cemetery reserved for those who died *of the close of the season*. The disorder is yet without a name in books of science, but its mortality is rapid, extensive, and contagious beyond ordinary credulity. We here found a solution for the multitude of sudden disappearances which had so often excited our surprise, but which were forgotten in the whirl of the day that followed. The disorder was too injurious to the fame of Cheltenham to be suffered to show its victims among those who

could assign for their deaths the legitimate excuse of surfeit, or dram-drinking, apoplexy, or abortion. These were honourably deposited in the public promenade, which serves occasionally for a shambles and a church-yard. The former were quietly conveyed to quietness, and the luckless at the gaming-table, the touched in reputation, the coquettish in vain, and the desperate of wedlock, sent to slumber where no common eye was to trace the source of their repose. While my companions were moralizing as became them, I transcribed a few of the epitaphs which I found among the crowd of primrose hillocks, alabaster urns, and Etruscan sarcophagi.

### EPITAPHS.

#### *On Miss B. YIELDING \*.*

When steel and stays no longer down  
 Could keep the rounding waist of B——,  
 Came deepening blush and sudden throe,  
 And bore her from the world below.

Double the wonder, death and birth,  
 Twin miracles were giv'n;  
 They sent a cherub down to earth,  
 A woman up to heav'n.

#### *On Colonel EVERGREEN †.*

Ah! ruthless time, whose unrelenting rage  
 Spares nor the *green* in youth, nor *geeen* in age!

---

\* A pretty girl, who probably was induced to believe her image too fair to "leave the world without some sweet copy."

† An old coquette in breeches, admirably assiduous for his time of life; and, like Lieutenant Lismahago, after his perils and plunder among the *Miamis*, came over to find repose and a wife (hapless contradiction) in his native land.

And could not all the Colonel's skill avail?  
 The baby gallantry, the oft-told tale,  
 The simple joke that went its daily rounds,  
 The steady smile, the dear five thousand pounds?  
 Alas! no more shall his five fingers, grac'd  
 With fivefold rings, display the powers of paste;  
 No more the pride of Dovey, brilliants deck  
 The rigid beauties of his antique neck.  
 Alas! so soon his little race be o'er,  
 And the dear Colonel perish at fourscore.

*On Miss F. TISIPHONE\*.*

Here lies Fanny P—rt—er.  
 When no one to court her,  
 In shop or in street, she could spy;  
 When her wig *à la Grecque*,  
 And her ebony neck,  
 And the glance of her lowering eye;  
 Flounce, fillet, and frill,  
 Were hopeless to kill,  
 What had Fanny to do but to die?

*On JOE MILLER, Jun.†*

Here, nipt in the bud,  
 Lies Counsellor R—dd,

---

\* The lovely legacy to the connoisseurs of the late W. P. Esq. a picture-dealer of high life. Leaving nothing else behind, he bequeathed his *taste* to the survivors, and commanding them to dress (perhaps the prudery would say to strip) after the antique, left them their choice of the "*à la Grace*," or "*à la Furie*." The latter was the more rare, and this filial sufferer is of course laid under the penalty of perpetual ridicule.

† An indefatigable humorist, like Falstaff: "Only lend him a thousand pounds, and he will joke or jump with any man."

Who, with bottle and die,  
 Gave care the go by ;  
 Who lov'd an old pun,  
 As he hated a dun ;  
 Till his cash being out,  
 A fit of the gout,  
 Laid him luckily here.  
 Oh, dear !

*On Mrs. BIRCH, of Dublin \**.

Here A—st—n lies, from giddy life retir'd,  
 At sixty with the rage of conquest fir'd ;  
 Rouge on her cheek, and folly on her tongue,  
 Old without wisdom, without feeling, young.  
 Keen to the last her earlier arts she tried,  
 Still flutter'd, flirted, fool'd along, and—died !

*On Doctor PLURALIST †.*

Stranger attend—beneath this yew reclines  
 The bloated model of high-church divines.  
 Pompous at visitation feasts, no more  
 Shall D—— round the table send his roar ;  
 A bishop's *vice* no more, his sable paunch  
 Swells with the rich sirloin or fetid haunch ;  
 No more, while famine in some curate's eye  
 Looks eager on, engulphs the steaming pye.

---

\* The wife of a respectable schoolmaster, foolishly above her business, and struggling to sustain the unattainable characters of a *belle esprit* and a woman of fashion.

† The former terror of all the cropped and powdered heads that bow in S—— Cathedral, but now shorn of his beams, and formidable to nothing beyond his curate and his "*sara sposa*."

Turbots, rejoice; break forth, ye bleeding trout;  
 Crimp'd cod be glad, ye slow boil'd lobsters shout;  
 Death from his hand the knife in envy tore,  
 And the huge feeder loads the earth no more.

*On Colonel COLBECKS \*.*

Ye fat and ye proud,  
 See where gallant M'Cl—d  
 Lies truss'd in his shroud.

If the duns would but wait,  
 Till he found his estate,  
 He'd have given a grand fête,

And have made the town gay,  
 On the Prince's birth-day,  
 But the duns would not stay.

All pleasure's but frail,  
 So nine months in jail,  
 Three out upon bail,

He manag'd to steer,  
 To the end of the year,  
 And now he's stretch'd here.

*On Mrs. HORNER, of Liverpool †.*

Roving the eye, and mingling there,  
 Was many a meaning bold and bare,

---

\* "Alas, poor Yorick! where be your gibes and jests now?" where be your feasts and fatness, the fools you fed on, and the fools you fed—all gone, and "not one left to mock your own grinning."

† The modern Messalina, but happier than her model in a contented husband.

And many a stain had ratafia  
 Left all upon that cheek so gay.  
 Beneath, by many a wooer prest,  
 Spread the broad rudeness of her breast,  
 While sudden pant and purpling skin,  
 Gave signal of the fires within.  
 Wedded at length, she nobly scorn'd  
 The clamours of the dupe she horn'd;  
 For the first broad-back'd, whisker'd hind,  
 Husband and heart, and fame resign'd:  
 And still, by clowns successive spurn'd,  
 The cloying matron clasp'd and burn'd;  
 Till venom'd with a keener flame,  
 B——n may truest tell the name,  
 She lies where punk and prude must lie,  
 Such is the tale of minstrelsy;  
 But where the vagrant spirit goes,  
 The minstrel neither cares nor knows.

*On Lady M—RED—TH\*.*

Come ye! whom Heaven long-suffering deigns to save,  
 By the dread lesson of a gambler's grave!  
 Though not for mortal eye to pierce the gloom,  
 That spreads its tenfold darkness round her tomb,  
 Think of the life of emptiness and care,  
 The joyless vanity, the lost despair;  
 Then go, and e'er like hers your hour be o'er,  
 Weep, struggle, pray, but try to "sin no more."

---

\* A wretched woman, dying under miseries which allow of no ridicule, after a life in which charity could find nothing but a warning of follies to shun, or of vices to reform.

## THE WAR CRITIC.

---

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

Pentonville, 10th Nov. 1813.

SIR,

IN your last number I observe you have inserted a letter wherein your correspondent has used my name with more freedom than is either creditable to himself or agreeable to me; and, when you learn what I shall presently state, I cannot but expect that you will feel it incumbent on you to do away, as far as possible, the false impression that may have been made on the public mind by the furious and dark attack of "The Satirist" upon my character.

You must be aware of the effect that illiberal criticism will always have upon the mind of a young author, even when he feels conscious of deserving censure; but what are *my* feelings under the peculiar circumstances of my case, I leave you to guess, when I assure you, as I do most truly, that *I am an entire stranger to the Poems which "Humanitas" has so positively declared to have been written by me!* The elegant critic who modestly tells you he "resembles Jonathan Swift in *urbanity* as much as in *wit*" (and I doubt not the truth of his assertion), has *wittily* made extracts from a Poem that he has been pleased to call a *string of Mr. HERSEE'S verses;*" and this "string" has he most diligently hacked into mere shreds! He has bestowed his fluent abuse; he has exercised his *wit* (a term used by some men to express *ill-nature and contempt*) upon the *name* of one who has never

even *seen* the work which the critic professes to examine! Is this fair dealing? Is it consistent with the *benevolence* which this bold critic presumptuously claims? No, Sir! It is the very beggary of common sense! The last resource of mental poverty and of literary meanness! Let Mr. Humanitas ascertain the *truth* of facts, before he undertakes to use them for the unmanly purpose of holding up a respectable character to the ridicule of the world. Let him learn from his present critical disgrace to deal out his "*wit*" with less impertinence and with more caution. But, notwithstanding the severity with which I would chastise this brave warrior in the field of criticism, I would fain remember the words of his gentle friend Jonathan: "we ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help." I agree so far with your correspondent, that "I beg you will receive the above as *my* opinion; and I flatter myself its *justice* is not very likely to be questioned when it is given to the world on the authority of *two* such *philosophers* as the Dean and Humanitas!" I was going to add a *third*, viz. "*myself*"—but, as I have a natural *shyness* that makes me rather *shun* than *seek* the *society* of the *great*, I cannot prevail upon myself to make up the trio!

Provoked and tempted as I am to retort, I would not "laugh" at the *humane* philosopher for having his brains cracked." I would pity the pitiful!

I will now call your attention, Mr. Editor, to the review of certain Poems called "The Mourning Wreath, &c. &c." This article opens by telling the reader, that "*Hersee's* Poems are most tiresome and contemptible trash;" and the critic gives his severe lashes without mercy; but whether *the work before him* deserves it I cannot attempt to say, as *I (the declared author!)* have never read a single line of it.

It is very far from palatable to my feelings to see my name given as the author of "a vile and detestable rhapsody of immorality and debauchery"—of "an injurious libel upon our fair countrywomen!"—as the "scurrilous writer of infamous paultering with the best principles of men, and endeavouring to loosen the dearest bonds of society!" Nor should I act the part of a man in suffering these dangerous falsehoods to pass unnoticed. I hasten to communicate this to you, that you may have an opportunity of correcting the serious error into which you have been led by the gentle critic who boasts of his "benevolence."

Trusting you will do me the justice to insert this letter in your next number, I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. HERSEE.

---

## MORBID SENSIBILITY;

OR,

*Constant Kitty, the Wife of the Buffs.*

---

### PART THE SECOND.

---

"TURN, gentle watchman of the night,  
Turn, Mr. Scout, I pray,  
And let thy lantern cheer my sight  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I stroll,  
And stumble in the dark,  
Nor can the way see for my soul,  
To good St. James's Park."

"Forbear, you fool," the watchman cried,

"To night you can't get in ;

Awhile within my box reside,

And take a glass of gin.

"Don't stand there bellowing like a bull ;

My tender heart you thrill ;

Come, though my bottle is not full,

I'll let you have a swill.

"Then turn to night, and freely share

Whate'er my shed bestows :

My watchbox seat, my rushlight's glare,

My *jacky* and repose.

"No grapes that flourish fair in Spain

Are crush'd to greet my muzzle ;

Taught by the little cash I gain,

I scorn such costly guzzle.

"But from Jack Morris, Scotland Yard,

I fetch my nightly dram,

And having that, though times are hard,

I hardly care a d—n.

"Then, Pilgrim, turn, it is not right

To be in such a — ;

Man little wants when sober quite,

Nor wants that little drunk."

Soft as Sam Whitbread's soothing tones,

Or those of Mr. Lowndes,

His accents fell :—the stranger groans,

And goes with him his rounds.

There, hard upon the lone church-yard,

The modest watchhouse lay,

The lodging-house of many a bard,

And others *led astray*.

No stores, *save these*, within its walls,  
Requir'd a watchman's care;  
The wicket opening to his calls,  
Receiv'd the *hopeful* pair.

And now, when others go to bed,  
To tumble or to snooze,  
The watchman pok'd the fire and said,  
"We'll have a jolly booze."

And brought his bottle and his pipes,  
And gaily swigg'd and fill'd,  
And call'd for porter and for swipes,  
While smoke his nose distill'd.

Around, to please the stranger there,  
The scout his rattle swung,  
The constable asleep, his care,  
Snor'd to it as it sung.

But nothing hit the stranger's whim,  
To shoulder off his trouble,  
Pails of hot water fill'd each glim,  
And scaldings 'gan to bubble.

His rising woe the watchman smok'd,  
And tears his own eyes dimming,  
"Why, zounds," he cried, "you're almost choak'd,  
What sets your peepers swimming?"

"Have you from home been driv'n by blows,  
Belabour'd till made wild;  
Threatens your *pal* that he will *nose*?  
Or is some maid with child?"

"Alas! our grumbling sires at home,  
Grow crazy in decay,  
And those who heed their rage and foam,  
More crazy are than they.

"And what's a *pal*?—a carneying sneak,  
Who gabbles friendship's slang,  
Who sells his partner to some *beak*,  
And leaves the wretch to hang.

"A *maid* is still an emptier sound,  
A standing jest at *Lane's*;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
Where not *one man remains*.

"For shame, you booby, wipe your eyes,  
And snivel thus no more."  
But while he spoke, the stranger's sighs  
Turn'd to a woman's roar.

Surpris'd he sees a woman 'tis,  
Wrapp'd in a man's great coat;  
Kate's, I mean *Mrs. Buff's* fair phiz,  
Forc'd him to change his note.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,  
Alternate spread alarms;  
The lovely stranger stands confess'd,  
*Buff's wife*, in all her charms.

"And, oh! forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch," she cried, "who here,  
With feet unhallow'd, dare intrude  
Where you drink gin and beer.

"But let a wife thy pity share,  
Who, led astray, now feels,  
That, seeking rest, the rogue Despair  
Keeps dangling at her heels.

"My husband was a *Reg'ment* fine  
Of *Buffs* as you would see,  
And all they had was mark'd as mine,  
They had but only me.

" To win me from their lusty arms,  
Unnumber'd Columns came,  
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each morn the gay fantastic crowd  
Came with their botheration ;  
Among the rest Joe Dimsdale bow'd,  
A rogue of penetration.

" Hussars and Blues with scorn I pass :  
The Horse-guard, doom'd to fail,  
In vain display'd his *front of brass*,  
And show'd his horse's tail.

" Dimsdale in diff'rent colours clad  
Spread no such charms to view,  
One single coat was all he had,  
That of an Oxford Blue.

" The belt, the cartridge-box well black'd,  
With charms inconstant shine,  
These he display'd, and thought me crack'd,  
To find their frailty mine.

" For, though I bad him go away,  
He (the sad story mark)  
By some vile trick contriv'd to stay,  
And kept me *in the dark*.

" Till I with him had shar'd my bed,  
He hid from me the trick,  
And while Dick, drench'd, went home half dead,  
I thought Joe Dimsdale Dick.

"But mine the fault was I avow,  
And up a spirit plucking,  
I'll seek the Park without more row,  
And give myself a ducking.

"And from the Horse-guards down I'll swim  
To Pimlico's great gate ;  
Joe did for me, and I for him  
Will thus dispose of Kate."

"You lie, you shan't," the watchman cried,  
"I'll see you first undress'd."  
The wandering mourner turn'd to chide,  
Joe Dimsdale 'twas that press'd.

"Turn, frisky wench, no more forlorn,  
Spare all reproach and huffs,  
For know, my Kate, I yester-morn  
Exchang'd into the Buffs,

"Thus let me clasp my spotless dame,  
Together we will dine,  
The past's a joke—no more feel shame,  
My life, my all that's mine."

"And have I then my virtue back ?  
Hence let all grief be puff'd ;  
I sink with bliss—Give me a smack ;  
What joy to be *re-Buff'd* !"

"Care," answer'd Joe, "no more shall wake,  
We'll live and love so true,  
He who the Buffs may cuckolds make,  
Shall horn Joe Dimsdale too,"

## P—RL—T—RY CRITICISMS.

No. IV.

—

L—D GR—NV—LLE.

THE grand political theatre in Westminster being again opened for the season, I trust you will permit me to return to my old task of P—rl—t—ry Criticism. I am the more anxious of beginning my remarks thus early, because, from the turn dramatic affairs have taken since my last, we are not likely to have that diversity and emulation in the House which has heretofore furnished food for the pen. The grand tragic spectacle performed in Germany, has, as it were, neutralised the *Talents* in this country; and but for a few exhibitions, merely to keep their names before the public, that they may not be forgotten altogether, I do not believe that we should have a single piece got up, or a single novelty produced this year.

The Theatre opened with a grand drama, something resembling Shakspeare's play of Henry the 5th, or the Conquest of France, and it was upon this occasion that the performer, whose accomplishments are the theme of this essay, made a desperate attempt to regain a little of that popularity which he possessed before he took to *acting* with strolling vagabonds and worthless fellows, in whose company he lost every particle of the public favour acquired as an useful underling in the *great manager's* band.

L—d Gr—nv—lle commenced his threatrical career in heroic parts, and played, with considerable applause, second-rate parts to the leading characters of the great

manager. It was after his lamented death that he took to the line of sentimentality, pathos, and declamation; he joined the low and misguided set, whose object was to subvert the stage, to destroy genuine British productions, and degrade the scene by the introduction of French frippery, debauchery, and madness. With them he fell into that abyss of contempt from which nothing can ever redeem him, and in which his state is rendered more deplorable and hopeless of remedy from the contrast with his earlier efforts.

L—d Gr—nv—lle is a person of a clumsy understanding, a clumsy frame, and a heavy countenance. In aiming at grandeur, pompous; in affecting solidity, ponderous; in the pursuit of eloquence, turgid and verbose; in manners, stiff and unprepossessing; in action, heavy and uncouth; in voice, loud and sonorous; without grace or variety, felicity of expression, depth of thought, or persuasive influence. There is in his efforts a harshness which excites dislike, and a hardness which generates opposition to the arguments he advances, and the opinions he advocates, rather than begets an inclination to yield to the impetuous and noisy current.

As an actor, L—d G—lle uses very little gesticulation. Having set himself fairly upon his legs, bolt upright, as if impaled on a rod of inductile iron, he turns his face to the audience, and sets off with his speech in an even and mechanical manner. It is somewhat of a singularity in him, that, be the subject ever so applicable to other performers on the stage, he rarely or never addresses his ocular or personal regards to them. Thinking, perhaps, that the annoyance and burden of his tongue is enough, he spares them not in that member, but invariably directs his other attentions to the company present. He is gifted with a great flow of words, or, as the farmers

say, with "*with more cry than wool.*" Laboured and prolix, the pouring out of a torrent of verbiage only affords an example of how much may be spoken and how little said. His periods are great and round; broad-bottomed, heavy, with as many members all of one kind and family as there are Grenvilles in Parliament. The last time I heard him deliver himself, in spite of his bellowing, he lulled me to sleep, in which comfortable state I remained an hour by Shrewsbury clock, when, lo! I awoke, and found the orator just where I left him. In honest truth, I had literally lost nothing by my nap but a great deal of repetition. Doctor Johnson's manner of rounding his periods, is, I dare say, well known to you, Mr. Satirist; they somewhat resembled the coat of arms, or, to speak more accurately, the coat of legs, on an Isle of Man halfpenny, and consisted of *three limbs* nicely joined together, pointed, concentrated, and rotund. I cannot say that L—d Gr—nv—ll's style is of this description, but it is very remarkable for amplification—for the *tautos logos* of the Greeks, as my learned friend the Lord Chancellor's train-bearer calls it; for a dwelling upon and reinforcement of every dogma, by such a quantity of "words, words, words," that his opinions, when picked out of their covering, resemble pastry-cook's productions, a great deal of puff surrounding and obscuring a very small proportion of solid eating. To employ another simile, his speeches resemble law pleadings—they are so full of verbiage that they have no room for meaning. And all this is poured out in a solemn, deep Stentorian tone: in the passages of the Theatre where the cadences alone are audible, it sounds like the irregular blustering of the winds in a storm, when they sing through a wood.

So much for the physical qualification of this spouter, with which his mental qualities are of an order calculated

to match very exactly. Inured to the business of the stage from early youth, and favoured with the tuition of one of the greatest men that ever lived, though it was impossible to render him brilliant, he was laborious, diligent, useful. In a subordinate capacity, from his acquaintance with the duties of the stage, his assiduity, steadiness, and sobriety, he became a favourite with the sensible portion of the public, and, if not the object of warm admiration, was, at least, considered as deserving generally of commendation, and sometimes of applause. But the foul fiend Ambition laid hold of him, and he would play first-rate characters. Here he failed—sunk, like Lucifer, to rise no more; for, being unable to persuade his old colleagues and fellow-performers, who knew his calibre, that he was the fittest person in the world to take the lead, he fell off from his faith, deserted his principles and friends, disguised himself in a *Wig*, and joined a strolling party, who were glad enough to admit him among their crew, and allow him to assume the first parts, night about, in tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, opera, and ballet, with their old manager, who was travelling so rapidly into decay, that he could scarcely keep his company together, or provide for the wants of the most hungry of them any longer. They therefore hailed our hero; *ecce iterum Crispinus*; he was their second chief, equal in power to the first; the underlings declaring that he was a prime fellow for a *Roara-Tory*.

With this wretched gang all the credit he formerly possessed was soon lost, and now he very seldom presents himself before the town, gloomy, sullen, discontented. The mighty success of the company he deserted, the high estimation in which they are held by the discerning few, and still more the universal applause they receive from the loud and tumultuous many, the reflection of the high

estate from which he has precipitated himself, and the honours he has lost, grate upon his angry spirit, disturb his repose, and give him up a prey to unavailing regrets and never-ceasing sorrow. Let us hope, however, that time may sooth his anguish, and teach him patient resignation. He is not the first who has fallen through the allurements of ambition—nor the first who has been punished for an abandonment of honest principles. Repentance is his best resource—contrition for the past, and amendment for the future. To the world, and especially to the dramatic world, his failure ought to be a beacon to warn them from presumptuous self-conceit and overweening pride. He might have stood high, respected, esteemed, even admired, but he split upon the rock of vanity, and, alas! for human nature, forsook the right, solid, splendid path, to flounder in mud, and furnish a melancholy topic for

BLACK ROD.



# THE BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PILE;

OR,

*Works of English Authors which have been condemned to the Flames by Authority.*

(Continued from page 403.)

—  
No. 3.

SIDNEY.—*Discourse on Government.* By ALGERNON  
SIDNEY.

THIS author was a hot republican, and followed Cromwell. His firm character, impatient of every species of

constraint, made him quit England when the Usurper assumed to himself the sovereign power. After the Restoration, he had the boldness to come back to his native country. Charles II. granted him his pardon; but his enemies, and the friends of royalty, did not cease to persecute him. In the year 1683, he was accused of being concerned in the Rye-House Plot, was arrested, and his papers seized, among which the above *Discourse*, in which it was supposed they had found sufficient matter to convict him of high-treason. A corrupted Jury, impannelled by Jeffreys, then Chief Justice, declared him guilty, and he was condemned to be hanged and quartered; but he was only beheaded, being executed on Tower-Hill, on the 7th of December, 1683, in the 66th year of his age. The principles of this author in this work are, that "the authority of the Monarch must be submitted to the authority of the laws, and the people are bound to be obedient to the laws: that the Government is not established for the good of the administration, but for that of the people; and that power is not an advantage, but a charge: that liberty is the mother of all virtues, and slavery the mother of all vices: that what is not just can never be a law; and what is not a law, can never command obedience: that a power which is above the law, cannot be consistent with the welfare of the people; and he who does not receive his authority from the law, cannot be considered as a legitimate sovereign: that all free nations have a right to assemble when and wherever they choose, unless they may have willingly renounced this right: that the general rising of a whole nation cannot be called a rebellion; because the people for whom and by whom the sovereign has been established in his government, are alone able to judge and determine whether he fulfils his duty or not." There

are some bold truths, and many paradoxes, amongst his principles.

STUBBE.—*Vorago, qua Anglia Gallico connubio absorbenda: Auctore Stubbio.* London, 1579.

This work was publicly burnt, and the right hand of the author cut off. This notice is the only one that can be found in the "*Supplement à la Bibliothèque des livres rares*," by De Bauer. The English Biographies do not mention this *Stubbe*, if we may not expect to see this article in *Aikin's* biographical work, when completed.

SUAREZ.—*Defensio Fidei Catholicae contra Anglicanae Sectae errores: una cum respons. Ad Jacobi regis apologiam pro juramento fidelitatis. Auctore Francisco Suarez.* Conimbricæ, 1613. In fol.—Coloniae, 1614. In fol.—Moguntiae, 1919. In fol.—and amongst the works of the author, 22 vols. fol.

This book was burnt both in England and in France by the hangman. It was written by order of Pope Paul V. who, seeing that a great number of British Catholics took the oath (of allegiance) as directed by King James I. caused a proposal to be made, through Cardinal Caraffa, his ambassador in Spain; to Suarez, a learned Spanish Jesuit, to undertake the defence of the Roman Catholic religion. Suarez obeyed, and composed the above work. The Pope, satisfied with the performance, thanked the author by a brief or letter, dated the 9th of September, 1613. The work is dedicated to all the Christian Princes. It is divided into six books; and in this last, the form of the oath, which had given so much offence to the See of Rome, and to the majority of the Catholics, is examined and dissected. King James, highly offended, caused the

book to be burnt before the church of St. Paul, and forbade its being read by his subjects under severe penalties. He complained to the King of Spain, for having suffered in his dominions a writer who durst thus impudently and openly declare himself the enemy of the throne, and of the majesty of kings. Philip III. had the book examined by some eminent divines, and, after their report, wrote to James a long letter, in which he justified the Jesuit Suarez, and concluded by an exhortation to the King of England to turn his steps again into the path of truth, which had been the way of his predecessors; and it is to be supposed that James was not very well satisfied with this answer. This same work was not viewed in France in the same light as in Spain. The Parliament of Paris, by an act of the 26th of June, 1614, condemned it to be burnt by the hand of the hangman, because it contained several seditious maxims, and some propositions contrary to the sovereign power of kings. Francis Suarez was born at Grenada in 1548, and died at Lisbon in 1617.

TOLAND.—*John Toland. Christianity not mysterious, &c. London, 1702. 8vo.*

The first edition of this treatise was, we believe, printed in London in 1696, 8vo. and burnt in Dublin by the hangman in 1697. It is a very impious work. Peter Brown, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, near Dublin, published a refutation of it at Dublin in 1697, 8vo. and his reward was the Bishopric of Cork. It was for this reason Toland used to say, that it was he who had made him a bishop, and published a defence of his work. Toland is likewise the author of *Pantheisticon seu Formula celebrandae Sodalitatis Socraticae, in tres particulas divisa, quae Pantheistarum, sive Sodalium continet: 1°.*

*Particulas, et Axiomata. 2°. Numen, et Philosophiam. 3°. Libertatem, et non fallentem Legem, neque fallendam. Praemittitur de antiquis, et novis Sodalitatibus, et de Universo aeterno Diatriba. Subjicitur de duplici Pantheistarum philosophia, ac de viri optimi ac ornatissimi idea, disertatiuncula. Cosmopoli (Londoni), 1720. In Svo.—A most impious work, and replete with blasphemy and vicious principles. The author establishes in it a society, which he calls Socratic, to which, instead of Psalms, he proposes the Odes of Horace; and the form of the Collects mixed among them, in derision, as imitations of those of the church. This edition is executed in red and black letters, of which a few copies were printed, which renders the book both scarce and dear. His *Adoesidemon, sive Titus Livius a superstitione vindicatus; accedunt Origines Judaicae. Hagae-Comitum; Johnson, 1709. In Svo.—*is one of his works, no better than the others.—In his first treatise, Toland says, that the Atheists are less dangerous to a state than the superstitious; and, in his second, that Moses and Spinoza have had nearly the same ideas of God. This book has been suppressed, and is the most scarce of all his works, particularly the edition on large paper. Huet confuted this impiety under the name of Morin; and Elia Benoit also wrote against it. Toland further wrote some other works of the same kind, and some of a political nature. This celebrated and dangerous Sophist was born Nov. 30, 1670, in the North of Ireland, of a Papist family, and died at Putney, in Surrey, on the 11th of March, 1722, at the age of 52. A few days before his death he wrote a Latin epitaph for himself, which is far from modest.*

UCHIN, *John*—is the author of a periodical paper named the *Observer*, in which he attacked James II.

for which he was condemned to be publicly whipped through several of the principal towns of England. He presented a petition to the king, praying to be hanged rather than undergo such a punishment, which was not granted. Incensed at this refusal, he, as long as he lived, never ceased to write against the King; and died in the reign of Queen Ann.

TYNDALE.—*Biblia in Anglicum sermonem conversa per Guillelmum Tyndale qui transtulit dumtaxat Vetus Testamentum à libro Geneseos usque ad Nehemiam, et Novum Testamentum. Reliqui libri nempe Esther, libri poetici, et prophetae sunt ex versione Milesii Coverdale cum ejus praefatione ad Regem Henricum VIII. Londini, 1535. In fol.*

William Tyndale, one of the martyrs of the Reformation, did not suffer death precisely for this Bible, which may be called the *Tyndaliano-Coverdaliana*; but we speak of it, as being the first Bible in the English language, and because it comprises the translation of the New Testament, which appeared at Antwerp in 1526; and also that of the *Pentateuch*, and of the New Testament, published at Hamburgh in 1527. He went to Saxony to have conferences with Luther, and there meditated the above translations with the assistance of Joy and Constantine; but as these translations had been published without public authority, Cardinal Wolsey, and other bishops, seized and burnt all the copies he had sent to his brother and to Thomas Patmor, to be sold in England; and a Royal Proclamation was issued, prohibiting the buying or reading such translations. But the clergy not satisfied with this; to prevent him from doing more mischief, sent one Philips over to Antwerp,

who insinuated himself into his company, and, under the pretext of friendship, betrayed him into custody. He was sent to the castle of Filford, about eighteen miles from Antwerp. Many powerful friends stood by him, yet Philips bestirred himself so heartily, that he was tried and condemned to die; and was strangled by the hands of the common hangman, and then burned near Filford-Castle, in 1536. He was born on the borders of Wales, some time before 1500. He had left a corrected copy of all his translations, which John Roger revised with reference to the Hebrew text, and with all the other translations in all languages, and published an entire translation of the Bible under the supposed name of Thomas Mathieu: it was printed at the expense of Grafton, a bookseller, and 1500 copies were printed. The bishops, charged by Henry VIII. in 1531, to translate the Bible, could not perform the work promptly at that time; and this Bible was presented to the king by Thomas Cromwel, and by Royal Proclamation it was permitted to every body to read the Bible in English, and ordered that in every church there should be a copy of it chained to a bench. Some time after, Grafton projected a new and better edition, and, calculating that it would cost him less to have it printed at Paris, obtained, through the interests of Thomas Cromwel, then ambassador at the court of France, from Francis I. permission to execute this work. But Mathieu Cry, inquisitor-general, forbade this work, and ordered that every copy which had already been printed should be committed to the flames. Coverdale, editor and proof-corrector of this work, ran away to England with the printer, leaving the types at Paris. However, some time after the types and the workmen were sent over to London, and the Bible was published by Grafton and Whittchurch, in 1538, in fol.

*(To be continued.)*

## SIR THOMAS TURTON, AND THE SURREY ELECTION.

---

"He whose stupidity has armed him against the shafts of ridicule, will always act and speak with greater audacity than they whose sensibility represses their ardour, and who never let their confidence outgrow their abilities."—Dr. JOHNSON.

---

MR. EDITOR,

THE death of the late respected member for Surrey has caused a new election in that county. The candidates who have started are, Mr. Samuel Thornton, and that *tried* patriot Sir Thomas Turton. On Monday, the fifteenth instant, the parties met at Epsom, and were put in nomination in the usual manner. Nothing could more happily illustrate that truth, which I have thought proper to use as a motto to this letter, than the conduct of the two candidates; and it is impossible for any thing more satisfactorily to account for the comparative insignificance of Mr. Thornton by the side of Sir Thomas Turton, than the observation of Dr. Johnson.

If I were capable of wielding the pen of a Satirist, I am by no means disposed to think that I should be very anxious to take Sir Thomas Turton for the subject of an article. There are beings whose absurdities are so great, that to ridicule would be to compliment; to condemn, to lift to importance. The vagaries of that miserable Yahoo Coates received a degree of notoriety which made the animal himself an object of attention, which otherwise would never have been lavished on such a creature, even had Polito thought fit to dress up a baboon as *Lothario*. The angry strictures called forth by the antics of another genius, whose merits as a politician are about on a par

with those of Mr. Coates as an actor, caused a series of long, insipid letters to be read, which would otherwise have stood no more chance of receiving that honour, than the poems of Lord George Grenville, Lord Lauderdale's essays on bullion, or Mr. Thompson's *Godolphin*.

Sensible as I am of this, I should wish to be very cautious how I put in nomination for a place in the Satirist a man whose utmost exertions could only merit the tribute of silent disdain, usually measured out to the finance plans of Mr. Tierney, the reforming harangues of Sir Francis Burdett, and the speeches, on any subject, of Lord Milton. Such a being as I have described, though rejoiced to find he can get himself noticed at all, will always find some fools ready to believe him, when he declares he is very much injured. Quacks always find every thing like persecution brings grist to their mill. Nothing will give circulation to a medicine-monger's nostrum, like an attack upon the *charlatan* who prepares it. Nothing will procure a conventicle spouter full attendance, so soon as reprobation of his moral character. A moderate portion of the Evangelical slang they deal out will satisfy those who frequent these gospel Chandler-shops, that their preacher is taking up his cross, and to this they are convinced their virtuous pastor must expect to be doomed by the ungodly.

After this exordium, you will naturally be prepared to expect that I am not going to say a word about Sir Thomas Turton. In this you will find yourself mistaken. Though I should no more think of offering any strictures on the conduct of Sir Thomas Turton, merely for the sake of holding the *Honourable Baronet* up to derision, than I should think of entering upon the comparative merits of Mr. Menage, of Covent Garden Theatre, and Mr. Oxberry, of Drury Lane; or of writing a disquisition

on the theatrical excellence of Mr. Egerton, as compared with the surprising talents of Mr. Fisher: still, what occurred on the day of nomination, as connected with the history of the county of Surrey, is, I think, of some importance. It does not follow, because Sir Thomas Turton had a part in it, that it ought not be noticed, any more than it follows, that the play of "Henry the Fourth," as at present acted at the two theatres, deserves no attention at all, because Mr. Atkins and Mr. Waldegrave are the representatives of Pistol.

This being the view I take of the business, I hope no further apology will be necessary for the frequent recurrence of the name of Sir Thomas in this letter; and I beg the *Honourable Baronet* will not suspect me of wishing to flatter him, by the observations I may make on his conduct. Let him be assured I know how to appreciate his insignificance, and that what I shall offer is intended merely as preparatory to a future article on the state of the county.

On Monday the fifteenth, a county meeting having been called, the candidates made their appearance near the Spread Eagle, Epsom. Mr. Thornton having come forward, in consequence of the solicitations of many of the freeholders of the county, presented himself, and in few words stated to the assemblage his pretensions to represent them in Parliament. Sir Thomas Turton addressed them in a long speech, which had nothing to do with the business of the day. He was, however, heard with patience, and experienced no interruption, save that which an involuntary burst of laughter at his manner and language might now and then occasion. The opposite party, of course, reserved to themselves the right of answering him, and till the time arrived for giving an answer preserved silence. Sir Thomas was, therefore, enabled to vapour at his ease,

on the insult, as he called it, which had been offered to the county, by sending to the High Sheriff a requisition, in which a day for calling the meeting was named. This he emphatically observed, was making "a tool, a mere cypher, of the High Sheriff." On this he laboured with becoming warmth, and appeared not a little to enjoy the risibility he excited among the friends of Mr. Thornton, while, by a sagacious shake of the head, he seemed to intimate to the crowd, "This may be *laughed at*, but it cannot be *answered*."

Now it came pass, that Mr. Shaw took upon himself to answer the very rational harangue of Sir Thomas, and he particularly noticed that which had fallen from him on the subject of the gross and unprecedented insult offered to the county, by making a tool of the Sheriff. His reply to that part of the *Honourable Baronet's* speech was singular enough, inasmuch as he ventured to assert, that this offensive requisition, which had made the High Sheriff a tool and a cypher, had been founded on the model of one presented to Sir Thomas Turton himself, when he filled the office of Sheriff of the county. This assertion made all the patriots, and all the independent gentlemen, and all the friends to freedom of election, who were in the service of the Honourable Baronet, and who with him had come fully resolved to have ample revenge on those who could take so mean an advantage of an ignorant or incapable Sheriff; this, I say, made them all stare, and begin to look about them, apparently at a loss what to do with so much good indignation, as they had been induced to porter down to Epsom.

Things were in this situation, when Sir Thomas, feeling that a man of his genius was not to be restrained by those ideas of decorum which fetter vulgar minds and restrain ordinary men, disdained to wait till the speaker

had finished, and at once called out—"Where is your proof?—I deny the fact."

The prompt manner in which this contradiction was supplied, caused the patriotic party to respire again.—Mr. Shaw then went on—"I should not have made such an assertion if I *had* not had at hand the means of proving it to be true."

"Where are they?" screamed the Honourable Baronet.

"To prove the correctness of my assertion," Mr. Shaw continued, "I shall appeal to the Under Sheriff."

Sir Thomas looked aghast. His teeth seemed to chatter; but, what was very singular, his tongue for once lay still.

The Under Sheriff addressed the meeting. He said he was ready to give every explanation, and produced a packet of papers.

It was now that the Honourable Baronet saw his danger. The proofs were in hand, a moment more and they would be in possession of the meeting. What was to be done?—Some God assisted the hero (at least this was the opinion of the independent landholders, whose feet, free from the enthrallment of shoes and stockings, took possession of the soil near the cart); he had the presence of mind to exclaim, like one inspired—"You (meaning the Under Sheriff) have no right to speak. Keep in the back ground (meaning keep the proofs out of sight). You are nobody here"—(meaning nobody ought to appear to prove him a cypher); and even his enemies were liberal enough to admit that such proof was hardly necessary.

The Under Sheriff retired, and the heart of Sir Thomas rejoiced. Mr. Shaw resumed his speech, and proceeded to comment on the conduct of the Honourable Baronet, who was exulting in the address with which he had got out of the scrape he had so unluckily got into; when

a friend, who had a little more understanding than himself, whispered in his ear—"You ought to have suffered the Under Sheriff to speak. The proof will come out, and, much as you dread it, you had better call for it. You have brazened out worse things than this, and this you must meet first or last. It will, therefore, be as well to call for it again, since you cannot sneak from it."

Sir Thomas started, and seemed on a sudden to feel a flea in his ear. He had not sufficient comprehension to foresee the danger till it was pointed out to him. It was now made apparent, and with the same high-minded contempt for those usages, the observance of which is thought necessary by plodding men who only aspire to be respectable, he again interrupted the speaker by calling out—"Where is the Under Sheriff?—I insist on his being brought forward. Let him produce his proofs, and give his explanations." Meaning, "I, who have refused to hear a man, *who is nobody*, insist on his being produced; and, moreover, as he has *no right* to speak, I *insist* on it he shall be heard accordingly, unless you who did bring him forward will take from me the odium of stopping his mouth."

The Under Sheriff again made his appearance, and produced the requisition which had been mentioned, from which it was proved, that the conduct of the *Honourable Baronet*, when in office, had been precisely the same as that of the present High Sheriff, so that (as Mr. Shaw observed) if the latter had been made a tool and a mere cypher, he owed this distinction to the example of Sir Thomas Turton.

Sir Thomas now told the meeting, that the requisition sent to him was not the same as the present, and clearly proved that he was not the present High Sheriff, and also that yesterday was not to-day; but he did not prove that

a county meeting was not a county meeting, nor that what was incorrect in him must necessarily be incorrect in another; so that his eloquence was rewarded on the spot with a show of hands against him, and the High Sheriff declared accordingly.

Having waited till the decision of the Sheriff was known, just as the meeting was about to be dissolved, the Honourable Baronet called for a division. This was too late, and, instead of complying with his wishes, the meeting laughed at him. He then called upon them to censure the Sheriff with no greater success. These repeated disappointments soured his temper, and he now resolved upon taking a severe revenge on the meeting for having afforded him so little support. He accordingly prepared to inflict on them a long speech, but here he experienced fresh mortification. They dispersed so hastily, that he almost fancied himself in the House of Commons, and was reminded of those days when his awful voice used to scatter the members of that assembly like chaff before the wind. He continued, however, to spout on till there were not three persons within a hundred yards of the cart, with the exception of half a dozen boys who were playing at *dodging hoop* round the wheels. He finally retired to dinner, with the pleasing reflection that he had established his character for *consistency*, by calling that an insult to the county when *offered to another*, which he had suffered to be *offered to himself* in the same situation; and by calling *for proof*, refusing it *when offered*, and then calling *for it again* when he saw it could not be kept back. Finally, he sat down to dinner with a party, who, in common with the county, felt, that if the Honourable Baronet had not been made *a tool* of by others, he had been made *that* by himself, which would

very well rhyme with it; though I will not mention the word, lest it be thought I am vain of my talent for poetry.

I am, &c.

QUIZ BOBIUS.

---

THE SUGAR-AND-COFFEIAD.

---

BOOK THE FIRST.

BONEY's wild rage, to him the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess, sing;  
That rage which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign,  
Hundreds of thousands through his fury slain;  
To sugar and to coffee sacrific'd,  
In that mad war which bloated pride advis'd.

France to crush Russia long had vainly toil'd,  
Austria, at last, with Russia she embroil'd;  
Her armies then by Buonaparte led forth,  
March'd with the French, to perish in the North.  
Unhappy men! they to destruction doom'd,  
Saw all their hopes in Moscow's flames consum'd;  
Its awful blaze ascending fierce on high,  
Appeal'd against th' invader to the sky:  
Nor vain th' appeal, his ear the thund'rer lends,  
And swift his blasting wrath to earth descends;  
Stern Winter's frown o'erwhelming with despair,  
Destroys the few th' avenging sword would spare;  
Horses and men fall victims to the frost,  
In one vast ruin, undistinguish'd lost.

Now Austria, after nine long months of fight,  
Wish'd peace at last should greet her fainting sight;

Her monarch mourn'd his soldiers slain, and swore  
In such a cause he would engage no more;  
Nor longer mingle in the deathful fray  
For him who from his army ran away.  
He said—this to the tyrant's ears was brought,  
Who thus, with frenzied indignation fraught:  
“Dares Austria then against Great Boney turn,  
At once my friendship, and alliance spurn?  
Dares she thus violate all *honour's* laws,  
And drop the *Sugar* and the *Coffee* cause?  
For slighting *Coffee* she shall forthwith fall,  
Deserting *Sugar* she shall taste of *Gall*.”

At this stern Austria, frowning, thus reply'd:  
“O tyrant! arm'd with insolence and pride,  
Inglorious slave! to interest ever join'd,  
With fraud unworthy of a royal mind,  
What cause have I to war at thy decree;  
The distant Russians never injur'd me?  
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
But mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
Left by the Austrians on the hostile plain,  
What spoils, what conquest, shall thine armies gain?”

The tyrant's envy started this to hear,  
His chattering teeth shook in his head for fear;  
Rallying at last his spirits and his spite,  
Thus spoke the *butcher of the murder'd Wright*:  
“Is this the language Austria dares to hold,  
Austria whom Mack to France so lately sold.  
Let horror now thy shrinking conscience scare,  
And tremble for the vengeance I prepare.  
Since thou insult'st Great Boney's awful throne,  
Control thus exercising o'er thine own,  
Thou think'st, it seems, he cannot conquer still,  
That Frenchmen blood for him no more will spill;

Some idiot this has whisper'd in thine ear,  
Because four hundred thousand died last year.  
Trust me, some crazy fool, or bitter foe,  
Whate'er his name was, he who told thee so:  
For know, th' *enlighten'd* nation We command,  
Though death with mourning covers half the land,  
Will, while their fallen brothers' loss they weep,  
March to be slaughter'd, like a flock of sheep;  
And, in one instant, mighty Boney's breath,  
Sends countless thousands to the work of death.  
He comes, to make the barb'rous Russians pack  
To their drear wilds and "frightful climates" back;  
This he will do, and, with his single arm,  
Spread far and wide a terrible alarm.  
But if he aid should need, he cannot fear,  
Since *Mighty Jerome* will in arms appear;  
He, with the thought of fame and glory hot,  
Will start from Cassel presently full trot,  
While, having *forc'd the English out of Spain*,  
Tremendous Joe will march to war again:  
And when such warriors seek the embattled field,  
Austria and all her proud allies must yield."

"Peace," Austria cried, and in indignant strain  
Retorted on the insolent again:

"Vain is the virulence thy rage advis'd,  
And as thyself and Boney 'tis despis'd:  
He, monster, mix'd of impudence and fear,  
A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer;  
When was he known in ambush'd fight to dare,  
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
Others the chance of fighting fields may try,  
He but looks on to bid the valiant die.  
Scourge of his people, violent and base,  
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;

Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,  
 Are tam'd to wrongs which else could never last.  
 I swear, when bleeding France, at war again,  
 Shall call on Austria, she shall call in vain;  
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,  
 Forc'd to deplore when impotent to save;  
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know,  
 That thou of Austria hast made a foe.  
 Go, tell him loud, that all the French may hear,  
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear,  
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves);  
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his counsels, nor his battle join.  
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Heaven deprives  
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;  
 For, though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,  
 And all his rapine could from others wrest,  
 Should e'en such offers for my friendship call,  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.  
 Let *Jerome*, if he likes it, come to fight,  
 We know his taste will lead him soon to flight;  
 And let *fierce Joe*, at leisure to advance,  
 (Forc'd by the English from Madrid to dance),  
 Come if he will, to fight the wars of France.  
 These, well we know, like *Nap* himself can run,  
 When once the work of carnage is begun.  
 Let the three meet to share the same disgrace,  
 While Europe smiles to view the *asses' race*."

Thus spoke the chiefs—meanwhile, with horrid yell,  
 His privy-council Satan calls in Hell;  
 There *Death* appear'd (but long he could not stay,  
 By business call'd to many a bloody fray);

There Marat came, and with him Robespierre,  
Chiefs of some weight and some importance here.  
These, since they came to live in that drear land,  
The Devil call'd his *right* and his *left* hand.  
Though other fiends were there, yet these alone  
Are mention'd—these were nearest to the throne.

Satan began—"Ye chiefs, who, here below,  
Like me, delight in blood and human woe;  
To-day, no common cause demands your care,  
Fate seems dispos'd the groaning world to spare.  
My son, my well-belov'd, whom you know well,  
I sent some years ago from lower Hell;  
And, blasting Europe's hopes in one fell day,  
Dropp'd him while flying over Corsica.  
He (my dear Boney) frantically now calls  
For Hell's assistance—if denied, he falls."

Then Robespierre—"Though he my bloody fame  
Has quite eclips'd; though I a murderer's name  
Of petty rank now only hold on earth,  
Yet in my heart no envy shall have birth;  
No niggard wish in this stern breast shall lurk,  
To urge what might oppose destruction's work.  
When at the guillotine my blood was shed,  
In haste pack'd off to you without my head;  
What in that hour sustain'd my raging soul,  
But thy kind whisper, 'Nap shall France control.'  
'Twas that consol'd me, while, with bleeding trunk,  
I stagger'd here like one who died while drunk;  
And, dear the thought—oh! ecstasy divine,  
Transport and rapture to a soul like mine,  
To know that one surviv'd who could not die  
Estrang'd, oppos'd to ev'ry sympathy;  
Destin'd to finish (Europe at his feet),  
The wide-spread ruin I could not complete!

Shall I then, I! who mourn'd, when quitting life,  
I could no longer use the murd'rous knife;  
Shall I do aught to check the crimson flood  
I wish'd to see dissolve the globe with blood?  
Shall I the means refuse to Boney's pray'r,  
Which giv'n, may consummate the world's despair?  
No, Satan, give your son (the hope of Hell)  
The means of ruin—he will use them well.  
Oh that myself could burst the treble chain  
Which binds me here, and seek the hostile plain;  
Then would I bear the flaming brand to Nap,  
And frame with him some new infernal trap;  
Some vast invention to destroy should rise,  
Till heaps on heaps of dead appal'd the skies:  
Then, haying all around thy thunders hurl'd,  
I'd, laughing, leave the desolated world!"

Marat now spoke—"Though I at heart approve  
The wish of Robespierre, this cannot move  
To make me grant the son of Hell more force:  
More might impede, but could not aid his course.  
Such is my zeal, I would see mortals fall,

N of one nation—mark me, fiends! but all.  
Then let the hosts be balanc'd in the fray,  
So more shall bleed on every battle day;  
So shall the contest be of greater length,  
Blood shall more freely flow, from equal strength."

Grim Death arose, and even there a dread  
His eyeless sockets seem'd around to shed—  
"Satan," he cried, "full well 'tis known to you,  
How much I've toil'd to give the Devil his due.  
Fiends, can a doubt among you live, but I  
These realms to people all I can will try;  
And, if Marat's plan seem'd that way to tend,  
Myself would cry, 'to Nap no succour send.'

But, is't for me to say, how much thy son  
(I was his sponsor) has already done?  
Need Death his fiend-like actions here proclaim,  
And tell where he has spread around war's flame?  
Enough ought surely to be borne in mind  
Of the dire hate he feels for all mankind,  
In us sincere conviction to inspire,  
The more he has, the more he would desire;  
And, in proportion as new strength he found,  
His breath would make new war-fires blaze around.  
Has he not once to Afric' borne his rage,  
To make the Eastern world of war the stage?  
There did he not such labour find for me,  
I seldom found myself one moment free?  
First to the bleeding troops, who fell in fight,  
'Twas mine to bear the shades of endless night.  
Then to the Turks, who, prisoners forc'd to yield,  
He (*coldly hellish*), butcher'd on the field.  
From these fatigues, ere I had time to rest,  
New slaughter on my rack'd attention press'd:  
Call'd to the hospital, where helpless lay  
His soldiers, who had suffer'd in the fray;  
'Twas his, while panting, prostrate on their bed,  
To number all the sufferers with the dead;  
They, swallowing what they hop'd would health restore,  
Of poison drank, and wak'd to life no more.  
The thousands thus destroy'd were scarcely mine,  
Ere British thunders thinn'd the Gallic line.  
Yes, his ambition, which has France enthral'd,  
From Albion's shores the sons of thunder call'd;  
And I, half drown'd in blood and human tears,  
Follow'd (such Boney's will) the hostile spears.  
Hell, had not his fierce hate mankind pursu'd,  
Had almost been a blazing solitude.

Shall we then doubt that if we give new force,  
He'll greatly urge his desolating course;  
New schemes of ruin will in him have birth,  
To blast the happiness of all on earth;  
There will thy son, while yet he draws his breath,  
Of Hell the missionary prove, and Death?"

"Enough," the Devil cried—"and now, my friend,  
Hence—Boney as his *aid du camp* attend;  
Thy words have settled it beyond dispute,  
He shall have aid all order to uproot.  
France shall again devoted thousands pour,  
To fight for nothing, and return no more;  
With fools a new conscription shall be fill'd,  
To swell our empire with the numbers kill'd."  
He said—each breast with rising fury burn'd,  
Death flew tow'rd's Boney, the divan adjourn'd.

Satan's dread mandate presently obey'd,  
New armies march to speed destruction's trade.  
But when the foe the troops of Boney meet,  
Not hell itself could save them from defeat.  
Nap and his host despair, alike accurst,  
*He flies the swiftest*, and he flies the first;  
But, when the hot pursuit at length abates,  
He stops, and their misconduct loudly rates.  
"Wretches," he cried, "your conduct fills with shame,  
To you, to you alone belongs the blame;  
Ne'er did my eyes, since first they glar'd below,  
Such paltry *milk* and *water* scoundrels know."  
"Is this," the fugitives exclaim, "our thanks?"  
And rising murmurs fill their broken ranks:  
"He might, at least, such language spare to-day,  
Who always is the first to run away.  
If what he calls us, we indeed appear,  
Such are the fittest soldiers to be here;

For *milk* and *water* forces claim applause,  
When call'd forth in a *sugar-coffee* cause."

*End of Book the First.*



DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

Par Mme. LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.



As this work has excited a considerable degree of interest, we offer our readers some extracts, which may enable them to form a general idea of its execution. At a future time we may indulge in criticism; at present we are chiefly anxious to gratify curiosity. Madame De Stael is a singular personage, and perhaps the most prominent among the female writers of the day. Of the merit of her works, as we must abstain for a while from giving the reasons for our opinion, we shall not now speak; but it is still important to remember by what sacrifices of early character Madame Stael may have acquired her knowledge of human nature, and to observe that no rank of talent ought to be suffered in England, at least to compensate the absence of the first of female virtues. We have no possible wish to speak carelessly of this woman; but it will be a bad symptom among us, when the power of writing a licentious novel, or a vague and conversational critique, shall be a passport to that acceptance in British society, which should be open only to pure and unquestionable honour. That this person may wind her way among the talkers and triflers of high life is possible, but it must be so far

unbecoming, that she should be suffered as a sharer in the respectability still attached to the name of a British lady. She has come among us, not voluntarily, but as an exile, and of course is not in any circumstance to be treated but as a person under misfortune; but our sufferance has no right to extend to association; and if the history of Madame De Stael be true, and her novels the picture of her mind, we shall lose nothing by losing her living example.

We deliver those opinions with but slight concern for incredulity or opposition. We know it has been, for some time, the custom of that criticism which found its profit, and possibly its pleasure, in calumniating the works of English genius, to seize opportunities of applauding the rankness of the foreign school; and that solemn professors, and lofty metaphysicians, had descended, with an eagerness sufficiently absurd, into this field of degrading knight-errantry. With these motives, suspicious and singular as they were, we have but little to do; the pleasure of a disciple of Hume, in panegyriizing practical infidelity, is not for us to define; nor is the keenness of sage and secluded men, in following the speculations of a matron, in whom time and reverses have not extinguished the recollections of past indulgence, worth more than the words which we have given to it. But we must protest against their conclusion, and assert, with our full conviction, that if the merit of this female is to be built upon her talents, they are by no means of an order to qualify her character. Hitherto known by her novels, they have given but the conception of despising the due restraints of her sex, and expressing, without feeling, sentiments which cannot be read without a blush, delineating characters of vulgar immorality in the colours of an imagination easily warmed by such topics, and in her fondness

how far  
it is  
true;

///  
///

for the description of vice, easily forgetting the language of decency and nature. Those are our sentiments of her Delphine. Her Corinne is more guarded, but more unnatural; and the unhappy bias which this vehement woman has felt for a single class of subjects, appears to have deeply disabled her for all other. We have now done. Our remarks have not been dictated by personal disgust of an individual, who passes before us merely in her history, but by the solicitude which we should be ashamed not to express, wherever popular panegyric menaces us with confounding those distinctions which must be maintained where the honour of the sex is felt to be the great support of national purity, happiness, and honour.

We give the preface as one of the most peculiar passages of the work, and affording to those of our popular orators, who happily contrive to be at the same time admirers of Buonaparte, and adorers of the liberty of the press, matter for meditation.

### PREFACE.

*" 1st October, 1813.*

" In 1810, I gave the manuscript of this work to the bookseller who had printed Corinne. As I expressed the same opinions, and preserved the same silence, on the actual French government, in this as in my former works, I expected that I should have the same permission to publish it. However, in a few days after, a singular decree on the liberty of the press came out. It was notified, 'that no work could be printed without having been examined by the censors.' So far was well and usual in old France; but public habits had so softened its harshness, until it scarcely operated as a severity; but a paragraph at the close enacted, 'that when the censors had examined a work and allowed it to pass, the bookseller might print it, but the police should still have a right to suppress the whole if it judged convenient.' This was of course as much as to say, that such and

such forms would be adopted, just as far as it might be convenient to adopt them; no law could have been necessary to decree the nullity of law, and it would have been more simple to lay the entire upon absolute will.

"My bookseller, in the mean time, took upon himself the responsibility of publishing, after having submitted the sheets to the censor, and I came towards Paris to superintend the impression; and it was then that I breathed the air of France for the last time. The work of the censors had been done. I had cautiously abstained from allusions to the present, and they had allowed the publication. But at the moment of its being about to appear, and when 10,000 copies of the first edition had been already taken, the Minister of Police, known by the name of General Savary, sent his *gens-d'armes* with orders to destroy the whole, and to place sentinels at all the outlets of the office, that not a single copy of this dangerous performance should escape. A Commissary of Police, who is said to have since died of the fatigue, was appointed to the service, and the intrinsic value of the paper was the sole compensation which the bookseller received from the State.

"At the moment they were annihilating my book in Paris, I received in the country an order to deliver up my manuscript, and quit France in 24 hours. As I had never heard of any but the conscripts that were allowed only 24 hours for setting out, I wrote to the Minister of Police that I would require eight days to get money and my carriage, and this was the answer I received.

*' General Police—Cabinet of the Minister.*

*' Paris, 3d October, 1810.*

*' MADAM,*

*' I have received the letter you did me the honour to write. Your son might have explained to you that I saw no peculiar inconvenience in your delaying your journey from seven to eight days. I desire, however, that those may answer your purpose, as it is not in my power to allow you more. You need not look for the cause of this order in your silence respecting*

the Emperor in your last work ; this would be a mistake : he could not find there a place worthy of him. Your banishment is the mere result of the conduct in which you have persevered for many years. I think *the air of this country does not agree with you*, and we are not yet reduced to look for its models among the nations whom you admire.

‘ Your late work is not French. It was I who stopped the impression. I regret the bookseller’s loss ; but, as it was, it was quite impossible to allow of its appearing. You know, Madam, that you were permitted to leave Coppet solely on the desire which you expressed to go to America. If my predecessor suffered you to live in the department of Loir and Cher, this sufferance was not to be looked on as a revocation of the original order.

‘ At present you force me to obey it strictly, and you owe this only to yourself. I have directed M. De Corbigny (the Prefect) to attend to the execution of this decree. I regret, Madam, that you have constrained me to begin our correspondence by a measure of rigour ; it would have been more pleasing to have had only to offer to you the testimonies of the high consideration with which I have the honour to be,

‘ MADAM,

‘ Your most humble and

‘ most obedient Servant,

‘ THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

‘ *To Madam De Stael.*

‘ P. S. I have particular reasons for mentioning the ports of L’Orient, La Rochelle, Burdeaux, and Rochfort, as the only ones in which you can be allowed to embark. I request you will inform me which you adopt.”

(The object of this postscript was to interdict the ports of the Channel.)

The work commences with general notices of the German character ; but they are too wide to be interesting or important. It then takes the nations respectively, and examines in detail the sources of the peculiar cha-

acters of the females, a subject of which Madame de Stael might be presumed an adequate judge. She gives the following description:—"The German women have a species of charm which is perfectly their own; a touching tone of voice, *blond* hair, a brilliant complexion, bashful, but less so than the English ladies: it may be perceived that they have been less in the habit of meeting men decidedly their superiors, and that, besides, they have less to fear from the keenness of public opinion. They strive to please by sensibility, and to interest by imagination. They are versed in the language of poetry and the fine arts; they play the coquette with enthusiasm, as they do it in France with wit and pleasantry. The perfect fidelity which marks the German character, makes love less dangerous to the happiness of the sex; and possibly they admit the sentiment with more of confidence, from the romantic colouring in which it is enveloped, and the rare occurrence of inconstancy or disdain."

She thus touches on the mental picture of southern Germany.—"It has been generally understood, long since, that there was no literature but in the north, and that the people of the south gave themselves up to physical indulgences, while the northerners tasted exclusively those of the intellect. At no great distance from the Baltic were to be found the noblest establishments, the most distinguished men of letters, and from Weimar to Königsberg, and from that to Copenhagen, fogs and frost seemed to be the natural element of profound and powerful imaginations. Southern Germany, temperate in every sense, maintains itself in a state of monotonous comfort, as seriously destructive to practical activity as to that of the mind. The most lively desire of the people of this quiet and fruitful country is to live on as they live at the moment; and what can be done with such a stimulus?"

Austria is a country of such general quietude, a country where ease of circumstances is so assured to every class of its citizens, that intellectual enjoyments can scarcely be among the number of their resources. In Austria, as throughout Germany, pleadings in the courts are written, never spoken. The clergy may be listened to from respect for religion; they attract no one by their eloquence. The performances of the theatre, and peculiarly tragedy, are extremely careless. The cabinet has been long considered wily; but this disagrees with the German character: but the mere alternative of ambition or weakness is not seldom mistaken for political depth. Austria, uniting a number of distinct nations, as the Bohemians, the Hungarians, has not the cohesion necessary for a monarchy, yet the great moderation of the ruling powers has bound them together by simple attachment.

“At Vienna, Don Carlos was prohibited, because they would not suffer his passion for Elizabeth. In Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, they made Agnes Sorel the legitimate wife of Charles VII. The *Spirit of Laws* was not permitted in the public library; and yet in the middle of all this precaution, Crebillon's romances were in the hands of every human being. Licentious writings made their way, serious works alone were excluded.

“Vienna is seated in a plain, in the midst of a number of picturesque hills. The Danube, which passes through and surrounds it, separates into several channels, which form very agreeable islands; but the river itself loses its dignity among all those windings, and fails of producing the impression connected with its ancient renown. Vienna is an old town, rather small, but encircled with spacious suburbs. It is said that the town, within the fortifications, is not increased since the time of Richard Cœur de Lion's captivity in its neighbourhood. The streets are

as narrow as those of Italy; the palaces have some resemblance to those of Florence: in fact, there is nothing like the rest of Germany, if we except a few Gothic buildings, that remind us of the middle ages.

"There is no great town without some edifice or promenade, or wonder of some kind, to which the memory of early years is attached. The *Prater* is this for the inhabitants of Vienna. There is no city which enjoys within so short a distance a promenade so finely composed of natural and artificial beauties. A majestic forest spreads down to the edge of the Danube: troops of deer are seen traversing its open grounds; they come down every morning, and every evening they return, when the crowd of the promenaders intrudes upon their solitude. The spectacle, which occurs in Paris only three days in the year on the Long Champ road, here takes place every day during the fine season.

"It is on the *Prater* that one distinctly sees the ease and prosperity of the people of Vienna. This city has the character of consuming more food than any other of equal population, and this humbling superiority is not disputed. The families of the citizens and artizans, which set out at five o'clock to walk on the *Prater*, take a refreshment as substantial as the dinner of another country. In the evening, thousands of men are seen returning with their wives and children by the hand. No disorder, no quarrel is to be seen among this multitude, among whom a voice is indeed scarcely to be heard. Such is the silent nature of their enjoyment."

But we must close our extracts for the present. The last which we shall offer is interesting from its subject, and as being probably the first notice that has reached this country of the progress of those ideas of an education in Germany, which have already acquired such a noble con-

sistency among ourselves. "Of all the studies which have given celebrity to Pestalozzi's school, that attended with the most striking results has been mathematics. But his method is applicable to other parts of education, and capable of producing a progress equally sure and rapid. Rousseau has said, that children, from until twelve or thirteen, have not the intellect necessary for the studies required of them, or rather for the mode employed to communicate this instruction; as the consequence of all this, Rousseau recommended, without consideration of the habits of indolence generated from infancy, that children should learn nothing before twelve years old. Pestalozzi, conscious that children cannot comprehend every thing, examined what they could comprehend, and formed his plan upon it. In his plan there is no half-learning. The proposition is fully understood, or not at all. All the truths touch so closely, that the second is always a plain and immediate consequence of the first. Rousseau says, that children are only fatigued by our scheme of study. Pestalozzi leads them on by a route so positive and obvious, that it is not more trouble to initiate them in the most abstract sciences than in the most common truths. The application of this principle may be new, but the principle itself is old; it is merely that of observing the gradation of impressions as they enter with the most natural facility. The method has been already applied to grammar, geography, and music. It might be extended through the whole circle. Pestalozzi uses geometry to teach his pupils arithmetic. This was the ancient mode. Geometry speaks more to the imagination than naked mathematics. The liveliness of the impression should be as fully considered as the precision of the science, for it is less the difficulty of its nature, than

the obscurity with which it is offered, that repels early intellects. This school consists of a hundred and fifty children, and it is a remarkable instance of a great process of instruction carried on without punishment or reward. The object is not triumph, but acquirement. The scholars are made masters when they learn more than their companions; the masters are reduced into scholars when imperfections are discovered, and are thus forced to begin their course anew. The conductor of this establishment is himself no mathematician. He is little acquainted with languages; his talent is that of developing the intellect of children. Pestalozzi deserves honourable mention, for his exertions to reduce his plan within the reach of persons of moderate means, by reducing his terms as much as possible. He is perpetually busied with the lower orders, and striving to secure for them the benefits of solid instruction. His works written with this view are a most interesting study. He has written a number of romantic stories, in which the life and circumstances of the people are painted with an unexampled interest, force, and morality. One is astonished at the sudden tears excited by those simple subjects. Pestalozzi is not the only one in German Switzerland that has devoted himself to the cultivation of the popular mind. M. De Fellenberg has also distinguished himself. He has a crowded school of agriculture. But his principal object is the extension of knowledge: he teaches the village masters, that they may teach the rising generation; in fine, he labours with all his powers to establish between the classes of society a connexion independent of fortune."

## THE SORROWFUL MEETING.

SCENE—Wormwood Scrubs.

*A Horn is heard, with the cry of "Great News—Defeat of Buonaparte," &c.*

*Enter M. MONITEUR, M. JOURNAL DE L'EMPIRE, and Citizen MORNING CHRONICLE.*

*Moniteur.* Horror!

*Journal de l'Empire.* Hell!

*M. Chronicle.* The Devil!

*Moniteur.* Despair!

*M. Chronicle.* Confusion!

*Journal de l'Empire.* We are all ruined!

*Morning Chronicle and Moniteur.* All ruined!

*Journal de l'Empire.* The defeat of Buonaparte is now so complete, that there is no way of concealing it.—All must out.

*M. Chronicle.* Yes, and a pretty scrape I have got myself into, through being so credulous as to put confidence in you. I have lost three fourths of my readers; and the few who continue to look into me, only take me up to laugh at. I have already seen myself elegantly bound in calf, in several book-cases, with this inscription:—"The Morning Chronicle, or London Jester, for 1813."

*Journal de l'Empire.* Nay, my dear Morning Chronicle, you ought not to complain of me. I have been imposed upon as well as you: it was M. Moniteur that deceived us both. He gave me all the bulletins: he fur-

nished all the monstrous absurdities with which I have been filled. I would not have used them, had he not given me his honour every thing would do well. I knew they were lies, but he swore it was impossible that they could be found out. A lie, *Mr. Chronicle*, is nothing to you or to me; but *Moniteur* ought to be ashamed of himself, to have furnished lies so abominably absurd.

*Moniteur.* I don't know that my lies have been much out of the way. My conscience does not reproach me with any thing very absurd.

*M. Chronicle.* The devil it don't!—Then you have neither memory nor conscience. What! have you forgot the rubbish you have sent forth for years, comparing England to Carthage, and predicting her ruin.—To come to things of a more recent date, did not you promise to drive Wellington into the sea in 1809, and is he not marching on Bourdeaux in 1813?

*Moniteur.* But did I not help you out of that scrape, by pretending that policy induced Buonaparte to defer the conquest for ten years?

*M. Chronicle.* Yes; but only to get me into a worse about Russia.—Did not you predict the overthrow of that empire?

*Moniteur.* But that was before the conflagration of Moscow.

*M. Chronicle.* Yes; but after the fire you declared your affairs to be in a most flourishing state. Did not you say—"The army is in the best possible situation—Provisions begin to accumulate in the magazines—The cellars in that country are constructed in such a manner as to be secured against fire, and the inhabitants of Moscow had in them deposited all their provisions and most precious effects, so that in a few days after the fire abundance appeared in the city—The inhabitants are employed

in rebuilding their buildings—The country, the numerous farms and the chateaux which are between St. Petersburg and Tver have remained untouched, so that the markets are abundantly supplied with meats of all kinds?"—Who could suppose, that after this you would have had to tell us Moscow had been evacuated?

*Journal de l'Empire.* But this was not all—When Moscow had been given up, you told me, and my friend Citizen Chronicle, a story equally preposterous—Did you not tell us of the fine cavalry at Wilna, which "still offered a very imposing aspect?"—Did you not add—"We daily see reinforcements of men as well as transports of ammunition and re-mount horses arrive, destined for the grand army, which, thanks to those succours, will be completely re-established before the end of winter—Prussia, Saxony, Mecklenburg, France, Italy, Poland, Bavaria, and the whole Confederacy of the Rhine, united in the same political system, present such a mass of resources of every description, that feeble efforts only are requisite to collect all the means necessary for decisive operations against the common enemy—Besides, we have near us wherewith to supply our immediate wants; the magazines and arsenals upon the Niemen and Vistula are filled—Poland is going to make all the efforts her honour and salvation demand—A confederation of twenty-four millions of Europeans has sent us its legions, to free us from the yoke of the Muscovites—There are fifteen millions of Poles: how then doubt the issue of a contest in which the *most just of causes* is supported by *superiority of forces and talent* the most decided?"

*Moniteur.* All this was very reasonable, and if such defections had not taken place—

*M. Chronicle.* If such defections had not taken place.—Zounds! you had better say, at once, if you had not been

a fool; I should not have been made ridiculous.—Have you not lately asserted the politics of Austria changed in November? Was it not then absurd to calculate on her means, and ought you not to have known what afterwards you pretended to have foreseen, that Prussia would change sides the first opportunity.

*Moniteur.* Nay, these complaints—

*M. Chronicle.* Expostulation is vain. Did not you utter gratuitous absurdities even after the defection of Prussia, about “*the terrible catastrophe* the change in her system would cause her ally to experience?” Did not you tell us the Russians “would be driven back to their own frightful climate, in which man was reduced to the level of a beast, faster than they had come forth?”

*Moniteur.* Well, but—

*M. Chronicle.* And what is your language now?—“Our frontiers are threatened, implacable enemies, whose ranks have been swelled by treason, wish to invade the French territory. The war, lighted in Europe by the influence of England, cannot be subjected to the common calculations of policy.—The question is not partial cessions of territory; it is the north precipitating itself upon the south, as it precipitated itself in the first ages of the monarchy. France was then as she is still now, the great *obstacle* to the *success* of the *northern nations*.” A pretty story, truly, about the north precipitating itself on the south, when the fact is, the south, attempting to precipitate itself on the north, has been driven back with ruin; and what nonsense to talk of your presenting the *only obstacle* to the success of the northern nations, when every day brings news of some new victory gained over you.

*Journal de l'Empire.* Oh, it is absurd; it is as foolish as the lies you told about the magazines of salt taken from Russia, and the abundant supplies of meal discovered

after the burning of Moscow. What insanity to publish such stories!

*Moniteur.* Mr. *Journal de l'Empire*, you need not talk of that. You forget surely what you gave of yourself. What did you say of Moscow? Were not these your words?—"Moscow, which all the efforts of Peter the Great could not strip of importance, nor even of the rank and characteristics of the true capital of Russia, is situated nearly in the centre of that vast empire, the Asiatic portion being excepted.—Its surrounding provinces are incomparably the most fertile of any in those climes. The most northernly districts consists almost uniformly of vast marshes, impenetrable forests, and sandy plains. The duration and excessive rigour of the winters condemns this portion of the Russian states to nearly absolute sterility. In the more southern provinces, on the other hand, we find steppes or boundless deserts, whose gravelly soil is impregnated with salt, and totally destitute of wood and water. The province of Moscow and its adjoining governments, situated between these extremes, produce in such abundance all the necessaries of life, that from that large city, as a sort of general entrepot, they were spread over the whole surface of the empire. A single glance at the map will be sufficient to show that from Moscow issue all the great roads of Russia. We may distinguish nine principal ones, diverging in all directions, and their numerous ramifications establish an easy intercourse between this central point, and the extremities which have received nearly all their subsistence, and the materials of their industry, in exchange for the partial supplies with which they furnished it."

*M. Chronicle.* Yes, Mr. *Journal de l'Empire*, that is true enough. You have no right to talk of others being ridiculous. I remember every word of the article. You

even went on to say—"But to St. Petersburg, above every other city, is a constant communication with the ancient capital necessary for the supply of its incessantly returning wants. Let us again cast our eye upon the map, and we shall see that only four great roads issue from the city of Peter the First. Two of them ascend towards the north; namely, towards the marshes of Finland, or the sterile and frozen governments of Olmetz and Archangel. A third road leads by Riga to Prussia and Poland; it is intercepted by French corps. There remains a fourth, the only medium of communication between the two capitals, and that is in like manner cut off by the grand army itself! What means then are left to St. Petersburg of renewing its supplies of provisions? While insulated as it now is from Moscow, it has lost all its connexions with the provinces which supplied it with subsistence.—By sea?—But is not the Baltic shut by the ice for eight months in the year?—The first of these rigorous months has commenced. That proud city, which still re-echoes with *empty menaces* against our armies, and the chanting of imaginary victories, must, at once, experience a failure of all its resources. She will awake to a terrible certainty; her frightened inhabitants will doubtless calculate, that the banks of the Neva are sixty leagues nearer the head-quarters of the conqueror, than the banks of the Niemen from Moscow."

*Moniteur.* Now, Mr. *Journal de l'Empire*, which is the more ridiculous of the two?

*M. Chronicle.* Aye, what will you say to this—to your assertion that St. Petersburg would be starved by the French army? What do you say to the empty menaces, and the calculations of the frightened inhabitants, of the distance of the banks of the Neva from the head-

quarters of the *Conqueror*? You may hold your tongue about absurdity.

*Journal de l'Empire.* Why, I believe it is something like the pot calling the kettle —. But, however, if the stupidity of another could keep me in countenance, I should have no reason to blush, Mr. *M. Chronicle*, in your presence. Did not you of yourself proclaim the conquest of Russia? Did not you fancy Buonaparte, even after the total destruction of his army, able to carry all before him? When his armies were forced to retire in Spain, did not you tell us, "The French" were only doing what the English ought long since to have done, husbanding their resources;" and was not the battle of Vittoria the immediate result of this piece of consummate prudence? —Did not you say, the contest in the Peninsula was hopeless?—Did not you say, your country was so far exhausted, that it was impossible for it long to continue the contest?—Did you not say, your finances were ruined, that the power of resistance was almost annihilated; and, by inference, that France must be every where triumphant?

*Moniteur.* Aye, Sir, was not this your language for years?—And what is the result?—After a twenty years' war, England appears as vigorous as when it first broke out. Her power is confessed with awful reverence in every part of the globe, and her financial means are still so great, that she cannot only maintain the contest with spirit herself, but she even supplies the sinews of war to Spain, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Portugal, and Sicily. The empire of Charlemagne is torn to pieces by her power; and all the greatness, invincibility, and high destiny of Buonaparte sent to the Devil.—If we appear ridiculous, pray don't you give yourself airs, as if, forsooth, you had not made yourself the laughing-stock of the world.

*M. Chronicle.* Well—I believe we are all pretty much alike.

*Moniteur.* Now you speak as you ought.

*Journal de l'Empire.* There's no denying it, we are all fools.

*M. Chronicle.* It's very true, and what's worse, the people have found it out. This is of less importance to you than to me. The French must read you or read nothing.—Alas! there are a multitude of papers in England.

*Moniteur and Journal de l'Empire.* Alas! poor fool!—Poor Morning Chronicle!

*Moniteur.* Well, but your exertions ought to have obtained for you a good circulation. They say one fool makes many.

*M. Chronicle.* But the English are a thinking people.

*Moniteur and Journal de l'Empire.* Very true.—Alas! poor fool!

[*Exeunt.*]



## PEACE.

NATIONS rejoice! no more deplore;  
The tyrant's legions are no more;  
Then hail the brilliant day,  
On which their leader, Gallia's dread,  
With all his wretched hirelings fled,  
In horror and dismay.

Victims of tyranny and pride,  
To base-born treachery allied,  
Whose power now must cease;  
And in its stead in prospect view,  
Adorn'd with every heavenly hue,  
The olive-branch of *Peace*!

X. X.

# THE MOON.



*To be continued Monthly.)*

---

## THE ORANGE COCKADE.

THE banners of freedom at length are unfurl'd,  
The standard of Holland's display'd,  
And soon shall the blessings of peace glad the world ;  
Then huzza for the Orange Cockade.

The Continent too shall once more be free,  
Full of riches, of commerce, and trade,  
And liberty flourish by land and at sea ;  
Then huzza for the Orange Cockade.

Defeated by Justice, Oppression shall fly,  
And the *sword* be exchange'd for the *spade* ;  
The world shall rejoice, future ages shall cry—  
Huzza for the Orange Cockade.

Foul faction shall perish, all discord shall cease,  
And each spear in the tomb shall be laid ;  
Then sing, as we hail the rich blessings of peace, O O  
Huzza for the Orange Cockade.

Then success to Mynheer, loud let the toast ring,  
For the tyrant of Europe's betray'd :  
And the aged and young, *nay* the infant shall sing,  
Huzza for the Orange Cockade.

X. X.

---

FLIRTATION.

"PRAY, Skeffy, can you *flirt a fan?*"  
Ask'd Lydia, gay and pert.  
"Yes, pretty trifler, that I can,"  
And also—*fan a flirt.*"

X. X.

---

A MIDDLING PUN.

RALPH to the tallow-chandler went,  
On teasing Mr. Wick quite bent,  
And thus began provoking :  
"The candles I had last of you  
Were vilely bad—'tis very true,  
Indeed, Sir, I'm not joking."  
"Pray, did they not burn bright enough?"  
Replied the son of Kitchen Stuff,  
With many a hem and sputter ;  
"What was the fault, Sir? please to say ;  
Perhaps they flar'd too fast away,  
For sometimes they will gutter?"  
"Why no," said Ralph, "that's not the case,"  
Whose muscles of his serious face  
Grew every moment stronger ;  
"They to the MIDDLE burnt full well ;  
But now, if I the fault must tell,  
They wou'dn't then BURN LONGER!"

X. X.

## THE ACTOR.

I PLAY'D Orestes t'other night,  
 And struck out beauties *new*,  
 Yes, and struck out, perhaps through fright  
 Some of the old *ones* too.  
 That you struck beauties out is clear,  
 And plain beyond all doubt,  
 For without *shame*, remorse, or fear,  
 By G—, you struck—ALL out!

X. X.

## EPIGRAM

*On an Apple being thrown at COOKE while performing  
 Sir PERTINAX M'SYCOPHANT.*

SOME Scot you say the envious apple threw  
 Because the character was drawn too true:  
 It cannot be—for all must know right *weel*,  
 That a *true Scot* had only thrown the *peel*.

## EPIGRAM

*On the Death of ISAAC READ, the great Book Collector.*

READER, from these four lines take heed,  
 And mend your life for my sake,  
 For you must die like *Isaac Read*,  
 Though you *read* till your eyes *ache*.

T. D.

## EPIGRAM.

A WOMAN broke her *neck*, so Fate decreed;  
 The neighbours piteously bewail the harm.  
 "Ah!" cried the husband, "friends, 'tis sad, indeed,  
 "But yet, alas! it might have been her *arm*." T.

CUPID'S PROMISE.

(Imitated from the French of La Motte.)

CUPID, delighted with the strain  
The lyre he lov'd sent forth between us,  
Proffer'd to hear it once again,  
Two kisses from his mother *Venus*.

"Not so," I cried, "my vows to you  
Are known, then gratify my fancy;  
Give me but one, instead of two,  
But be that one from lovely *Nancy*."

He promis'd me, and on the blast  
Burst sweeter strains, ascending higher;  
Now *Nancy*, let not frowns o'ercast,  
*Don't make the little God a liar?*

T. G.

---

NEW BOOTS.

"THESE boots were never made for me,  
They are too short by half;  
I want them long enough, d'ye see,  
To cover *all* the calf."

"Why, Sir," said *Last*, with stifled laugh,  
"To alter them, I'll try;  
But if they cover *all* the calf,  
They must be—*five feet high!*"

X. X.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

“ A Vindication of the Conduct of Lady Douglas, during her Intercourse with H. R. H. the Princess of Wales: Together with Remarks on The Book, and on the Consequences of its Publication. Also, a Narrative of, and Commentaries upon, some extraordinary Transactions; including Anecdotes of numerous high and distinguished Personages.”—E. Wilson, pp. 126. Price 5s. 6d.

Such is the copious title of a meagre, trumpery, catch-penny publication.

THE Satirist has on no occasion stooped to flatter the ruling passions of Mob—to feed the gross appetites of the worthless, or minister to the base propensities of the senseless and vicious. The course it took, on the melancholy occasion of the family quarrel, which has so unhappily divided and injured the royal house of Hanover, and the humiliating disclosures then produced to disgust every better feeling in the public, was much better calculated to prove its principles, than to fill its purse. On the infamous Wardle conspiracy against the honour of the commander-in-chief, it in the same manner consulted probity, and sacrificed interest.—What therefore may be now stated, in animadverting upon this impudent and

mischievous pamphlet, will, at least, come home to its compiler with the force of impartial strictures.

What could be the intention of this person, if he had any intention beyond that of cheating the public out of a few dollars, we are at a loss to conceive. That it is a bare-faced imposition will be acknowledged, when we state, that, after forty-four pages of preface, there are *fifty-eight* filled with Lady Douglas's narrative, already so often published; and the whole concluded with twenty-three pages of notes upon this narrative by the modest author. Thus, out of 126, we have sixty-eight original, and fifty-eight stolen pages; a very fair proportion even in the present days of book-making.

But we will not dwell upon this part of the subject. Let us direct the attention of our readers to the nature of the small quantum of matter with which we are furnished for this five shillings and sixpence, of which our pocket has been picked.

If the writer had had any information to give us; if he could have solved any mystery which may yet hang upon the mind of any sensible person; if he could have settled and determined, instead of attempting to raise new doubts, or again to agitate the public with the discussion of a question so little to be desired; if he could even have clothed his remarks in good writing, we might have pardoned this futile and despicable production. But it has not one merit to plead in extenuation for the foulness of its design. In language it is mean and inelegant. In reasoning, it is trite and common place. In information, utterly wanting. And dared such a contemptible scribbler as this to think that he could again rekindle the flame of discord in this nation? Did he really imagine that his puny pen could raise up the evil spirit which every good subject is so anxious should never be revived? Did he

suppose that his assassin-like hints and paltry insinuations, his pretences and inuendoes of what he would tell hereafter, would have any effect in disturbing that quiet—that oblivion, we trust—to which this painful subject has been consigned! If he did, we will tell him he is mistaken. His efforts are not of force enough to destroy the unanimity with which the country has resolved to doom this hated business to everlasting silence. The object was too large for an anonymous and *not a powerful* writer.

Having merely noticed this work for the purpose of reprobating it, we shall not, by going into the inquiry (in which too much has been already done), commit ourselves to the fault we desire to expose. As, however, the pretended principles of the author are better than his sense in selecting this subject for displaying them, we transcribe the commencement of his preface as an example at once of his composition and intentions.

“The unhappy and lamentable differences between a certain illustrious couple, having so long been made a topic of universal discussion, it may, at first view, appear extraordinary that any more remarks should be published upon the subject. A little reflection, however, may lead to the belief, that *illustrations* of the topic are by no means exhausted: and that towards some of the parties concerned *justice* has hitherto been but partially administered. Time, however, as it seldom fails to elucidate the most mysterious transactions, may yet afford means to decide whether the late *over-strained sensibilities* of the British people were not of that generous though thoughtless nature which might have been qualified by the exercise of discretion\*.

“If the sentiments delivered a few months ago at the numerous

---

\* This tract was written last summer. It was, however, thought proper to withhold its publication till the present period; as at this time its contents are likely to be regarded with more dispassionate attention than they would then have received.

meetings, called for the purpose of addressing the Princess of Wales, should be mistaken by the rest of Europe for the general opinion of Englishmen, what inferences must be drawn by the rest of Europe, as to the wickedness of British Statesmen, and in what a deplorable light would appear the conduct of the Personage who is placed at the head of this empire! In case the different nations should have formed a prejudiced judgment on the late transactions, how necessary it is that they should be undeceived! For, unfortunately, the desperate leaders of the lowest political faction in this country never had so specious an opportunity for the degradation of the throne; nor was there ever a period when their operations so fairly promised that result which has been the incessant object of their wishes.

“ That the Princess of Wales should have had the cruel misfortune to fall into the snares of persons whose motives, one might think, could never have been for a moment mistaken by her, is a circumstance that must always be lamented. It is an event truly distressing to that respected portion of British subjects who are anxious to transmit the blessings of the constitution unimpaired to their posterity. It is an axiom not to be disputed, that anarchy can never take place in a state till insolence towards the reigning powers has settled into permanent disrespect; and what could be more likely to excite a general and indignant feeling of this nature against the PRINCE REGENT, than such infamous assertions as were uttered at the public assemblies? Such libels (for to this appellation are most of the addresses entitled) must be supposed to receive the sanction of all who stand recorded as their framers and patrons; but the stigma must not be suffered to disgrace those who would preserve their reputation for loyalty and discernment.

“ The addressers have been profuse in their declamations about a conspiracy; but themselves have turned out to be the only true conspirators! Their manoeuvres of the last winter too fatally succeeded in fanning the dormant sparks of chagrin into a blaze of vindictiveness: but reason, driven for the moment from her seat, defeated their designs by the resumption of her empire.

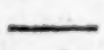
"If that illustrious personage, the Princess of Wales, instead of allowing her conscience and confidence to be moulded to the purposes of those *pretended but treacherous friends* who have dragged her forth into an unpropitious notoriety, had displayed a degree of prudence and firmness consistent with her dignified situation, she would have insisted on being left in tranquil retirement. It is astonishing that she had no *discreet adviser*, who might have pointed out the gross impropriety of letting such a document as her Letter relative to the Princess Charlotte be thrown before the public: for, had any reflection been exercised, it might have been foreseen that this proceeding was likely to produce very serious consequences, without the remotest probability of benefit to the complainant; while, if it had not taken place, the world would not have been supplied with a topic for *scandalising small-talk and blush-exciting sarcasm*, through the publication of a most obnoxious mass of indelicate details!

"As the matter now presents itself, a *certain turn* appears to have taken place in the public mind. Now that the printed proceedings of 1806 are on every person's table, unprejudiced and reflecting men are at a loss to discover the grounds on which the illustrious female can be congratulated on her escape from *destruction*! What they had thought before they possessed the means of forming a correct opinion, appears, therefore, an "*error of judgment*:" they cannot now discover any shadow of such a wicked design; they see no *frustration of a conspiracy* against the Princess of Wales, because they are not supplied with reasons for believing that such baseness ever existed in any mind: but they do exult in the exposure of a *plot to degrade royalty altogether*; and they commiserate the lady who could descend to act the *heroine* in such a despicable drama of political mountebanks. These never had any partiality for the Princess of Wales, nor any feeling for the peculiarity of her situation: they would never, at another time, have moved a finger to *vindicate her honour or preserve her life*! But the opportunity of reviling the Regent, and aiming a deadly blow at his reputation, through the *pretended injuries* inflicted upon his wife, was too inspiring to be neglected.

They entered, however, upon their schemes with too much audacity to procure success. They had all the malignity and arrogance of the Titans, without any of their courage or skill. They attacked the throne on its invulnerable side, and their *forlorn hope* has become a monument of their impudence and folly !”



INTERCEPTED LETTERS; *or, The Two-penny Post Bag.—To which are added, Trifles re-printed by Thomas Brown the Younger. pp. 109. Price 5s. 6d. Carr Paternoster Row.*



THE *Thirteenth Edition*; so says the title-page, and is either false, or a libel on the taste of the country. This volume, like its reputed author, of diminutive dimensions, is, like its reputed author, a duodecimo compound of original and second-hand trifles; for there are added, to forty largely margined and spaciouly printed pages of new matter, sixty-nine pages of squibs, culled from that respectable receptacle of small wit and bad politics, the *Morning Chronicle*. Such are its honest claims to the extraction of five shillings and sixpence from the pockets of the unwary purchaser of books.

The name of Thomas Brown is, of course, an assumed one, and we are not surprised that the writer should be too much ashamed of his labours, to put his “sponsorial and patronymic appellations” before them. It is understood, nevertheless, that this is the production of Mr. Thomas Moore, a person well known to the literary world, and to whose brow his last production has assuredly added no leaf of bays. Yet Thomas Brown is worthy of Tho-

mas Little. It became the voluptuary, who, under the latter title, aimed his neat and poisonous shafts against the moral system which renders our loveliest most lovely, to take shelter behind another covered stand, and discharge his small artillery against those political institutions which have raised Britain to the foremost rank among the nations. We will be told, that not the institutions, but that persons obnoxious to the author and his political patrons only, have been assailed. To this we answer, that no man can pretend to love and respect our government, whose highest efforts are directed to degrade our governors, to lower the head of the executive in the estimation of his people, and bring the laws into contempt, by levelling to the basest extremity the characters of those in the highest situation who administer them.—These are the objects of Master. Brown's endeavours; but the folly and impropriety of the design (not to use harsher terms) seem to have weakened his hand for its execution—a more feeble, flimsy, and insignificant publication has seldom passed under our review. Disappointment, chagrin, and malice, are feelings too grave to engender *sportive* wit; and if the author, as reported, was angry at not being *remitted* to India in a good appointment under Lord Moira, he had better have consulted the state of his mind in his choice of style, and vented his splenetic ebullitions in heroic satire a-la-Juvenal. He could not, at least, have failed more completely in *any line*, than in that he has selected.

Aware, it is said, that the voice of loyalty and judgment pronounced the condemnation of this puny volume, Mr. Moore has denied being its author; if so, we cannot help suspecting that tardy discretion prevailed over truth. *Stet nominis umbra*, however, shall be our motto, as it has been the very natural desire of this rhymer of quips. We

are not anxious to drag it into undoubted light, and expose it to the disgrace and obloquy it merits. The slanderer of a Prince, either in prose or verse, is no very enviable distinction.

As the name of the author is concealed, so is that of the no-doubt equally person to whom his work is dedicated; and the letters St—n W—lr—e, Esq. or “My dear W——e,” is all we are informed, and all we wish to know about the man honoured by so high a mark of approval. —*Par nobile fratrum*; Tom Brown and his dear S——n W——e!! To the dedication, which is dated from 245, Piccadilly, succeeds a preface of several pages, and of equal sincerity and veracity. To speak plainly with so little of either, that, with Glenalvon, we are ready to exclaim, that from first to last this book is “all a lie.” Of this character we have no hesitation in pronouncing that assertion to be which (page xi) states, that some of the reprinted *Jeux d’esprit* (as the Parody on the R—g—t’s Letter, the Insurrection of the Papers, &c.) are not from the same hand with the other pieces, and that other assertion in the succeeding page, that this is the first time the author’s Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper. A habit of falsehood being thus obvious in the prose, what could we expect but larger deviations from truth and rectitude in the poetry! Here, indeed, the writer has revelled in indulgence, and gratified his darling propensity for slander and calumny with an inveterate appetite, though with little skill and a nerveless force. Like a Lillputian, he has discharged his arrows at Gulliver, but a million of such darts are incompetent to the infliction of one serious wound.

Of the poems, we have not only specified the best, but the only one worthy of notice as a witty production, when we mentioned the “Insurrection of the Papers.”

The remainder are poor attempts, not an iota superior to the trash common to newspapers, and forced upon us to nausea *de die in diem*. The new portion of the volume consists of only eight short letters in doggerel, as destitute of humour as they are of principle, and as clear of wit as of honesty. They are chiefly aimed at the Prince Regent, and repeat, in indifferent verse, many of the miserable, and querulous, and disloyal inventions which have graced the columns of the Morning Chronicle, and which are excellently calculated for the anti-national meridian of that despicable and factious print.

The worthy plan of writing down the Regent having failed, and the nation seeing cause to bless the hour in which His Royal Highness provoked these waspish railers to the honourable and politic work, by surmounting his early predilections, and refusing to be ridden in harshness by his early friends, it is not needful to follow and to lash this petty light-company partizan in the *good cause*. We will leave him to his pension from the Chronicle, or his recompense from Holland House. We will leave him to herd with the Hunts, Whites, Finnerseys, Drakards, Magees, Pindars Junior, and other libellous scribblers of the day. In common with such respectable persons he has toiled; in common with such distinguished persons be his reward. Equal in poetic fame, let him stand with the loyal Baker, who wrote under the latter designation—equal in reputation with the first-named worthy, whose intellectual calibre and liberal accomplishments appear to be precisely on a level with his own. Of him, indeed, with kindred spirit, he has said, in his third letter, as from the Prince (and we will quote it as an example of the easy flow of his admirable poetry, and a specimen of his dearest wit):

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration  
Of my brilliant triumph, and H——t's condemnation;  
And we car'd not for juries or libels—no—d—me! nor  
Even for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner.

For which elegant and handsome puff we strenuously  
recommend it to Mr. Hunt to evince his gratitude, by  
making most laudatory mention of at least Mr. Thomas  
Moore, as its suspected author, in the very next poetical  
effusion with which he may favour the world, whether  
intended for *present use*, or, like his former lucubrations,  
for *the use of posterity* \* only.

---

ERRATA.

IN the Essay from Cheltenham, in the present Number, be  
pleased to make the following corrections:—Page 484, l. 9, *for*  
"Bruges," *read* "Strasburgh."—L. 17, *for* "free-will," *read*  
"free-willed."—485, 5th line from the bottom, *for* "Heroes,"  
*read* "Herve's"—486, l. 14, *for* "hung with cypress and willow  
so thick," *read* "hung so thickly with cypress and willows;"—  
and four lines further down, *dele* the word "thick."—Page 487,  
last line, *for* geeen, *read* "green"—489, in the last line and the  
3d line from the bottom, *for* "engulphs" and "swells," *read*  
"engulph" and "swell."—And page 491, in the 3d line from  
the bottom, *for* "lost" *read* "last."

---

\* There is no mistake in the word.—ED.

## A BRACE OF OPPOSITION SIMILES.

*Cur! Cur!*

---

You must have seen, Pray ha'n't you, Sir?

In London streets, a yelping cur,

In trust of waggon proud:

Trampling the bales of goods below,

Barking at crowds who near him go,

Snarling, and racing to and fro',

Busy, offensive, loud.

Of office insolently vain,

He snaps, and growls, and snaps again—

A plague to all around;

And yet with all this battling stout,

Of what he really is about,

And worth of charge which prompts this rout,

In ignorance profound.

A cur, you may have seen beside,

To axle-tree by cord fast tied,

Beneath a cart, God wot;

The string about his neck he feels,

He twists, he writhes, he pulls, he reels,

And wheels about between the wheels,

Compell'd along to trot.

Like vanquish'd slave in ancient war

Chain'd to the spoke of victor's car,

A triumph to adorn;

His dreary howl ascends the sky,

Amid the shouts of victory,

No sharer in the general cry,

But wretched and forlorn.

Thus 'tis that "all the Talents" crew,

Appear presented to our view,

A currish-temper'd race ;  
Barking and yelping with the best,  
Snarling and biting without rest,  
To all, and to themselves a pest,  
When rais'd aloft to place.

Tearing about, so loud of voice,  
So pert, and prodigal of noise,  
And self-importance too ;  
Spoiling the goods beneath their care,  
Yet bustling, chafing, here and there,  
Though impotent to guard the ware,  
Or real service do.

And so again did they appear,  
Tied to the cart (their proper sphere),  
Unwilling tugged along ;  
With all their backward jerks so hard,  
Its progress trying to retard,  
'With filth their fate, scorn their reward,  
In struggling with the strong.

And now when victory's acclaim  
To glory gives Britannia's name,  
In notes which mount to heav'n !  
Still, like the curs, their hapless fate,  
They mourn while all the world's elate,  
And wretched, grace their rival's state,  
In pomp of triumph driv'n.

On with the car they must proceed,  
Strengthless to leave it, or impede  
The splendid course it rolls ;  
Reluctant, howling, stubborn, slow,  
With joy they mix their screams of woe,  
And that all men with transports glow,  
Embitters more their souls.

W. J.

## THEATRÉS.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HORACE.

## COVENT GARDEN.

THE past month, at this theatre, has been more distinguished for a good succession of established favourites than for the production of novelties. The powers of Miss Stephens have been taxed almost every second night in the operas of the Duenna, Artaxerxes, and the Beggar's Opera; an old play most convenient for the loadings of spectacle, Anthony and Cleopatra, and the historical drama of Henry the Fifth, have also been revived and repeatedly played: one tragedy, Hamlet, has been once performed, and not one comedy! From this summary the present condition of this house may be appreciated, and also the degraded state of the public taste, which is fed and gratified with dishes, which heretofore were considered only as varieties to give us a greater zest for the solid entertainments in which we most delighted. Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Kemble are promised, and we may hope to see comedy and tragedy again; with music and show in turn, but not engrossing the stage.

Nov. 1, King Henry the Fifth.—Mr. Conway's performance of the hero of this piece is his best attempt. In several parts he was more successful than we could have anticipated, and from the indications of improveable qualities we should rejoice, could we yet go so far as to be able candidly to express an expectation of his becoming a first-rate actor. But we cannot in justice say this. He must, however, unlearn almost all he has learnt: he must depose art, and pay homage to nature, and then he may acquire considerable rank in his profession. In the present instance he was very happily situated in the article of *foils*—so many beings

calculated to afford a dramatic hero the benefit of contrast, we verily believe were never got together in a single piece upon any stage, as in *Henry the Fifth* at Covent Garden. Here are three Dukes for ye! Gloster, Bedford, and Exeter, by Hamerton, Menage, and Egerton!! And here are a brace of Earls, Westmoreland and Cambridge, by Claremont and Norris!!! And here are united Clergy and steel-clad Barons to match, namely, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Creswell; Bishop of Ely, Chapman; Lord Scroop, Mr. Brook, &c. &c.!!! "Oh, oh, 'tis foul!" But, it ought in justice to be stated, that the loyalty of our managers would not permit them to make the enemy's court one whit more splendid than the English; and so they made a King of France of Mr. Barrymore, a Dauphin of Mr. Vining (*Winning the Cockneys calls him*), a Duke of Burgundy of Mr. Jefferies, and a Constable of France of Mr. Durusel!!! It has, indeed, been hinted, that this cast was intended ironically as a satire upon Buonaparte's new batches and creations; but, if this were true, surely Mr. Harris ought to have made the British peerage a little more respectable.

The stress of the play, however, rests on Henry, and we commend the manager for consulting the national feeling so wisely in getting up, at this auspicious era, a play founded on times the most glorious to the country, till this happy hour when she is elevated to the very summit of glory. Miss Bristow played the Princess Catherine very sweetly; the comic parts were but indifferently performed, with the exception of Mrs. Davenport's Dame Quickly. The scenery and decorations most shabby; the French court, we must suppose, another sly stroke of humour at Buonaparte, but we do not so much relish these practical jokes.

Nov. 4, *Hamlet*.—Hamlet, Mr. Young; Ophelia, Miss Mathews, her first appearance in that character. We lament, again and again, that we see so little of Mr. Young upon the stage. Are the managers afraid of making their treasures too cheap by making them too common, or is the taste of the town really so depraved that they find it more to their interest to repeat exhibitions to the eye continually, rather than noble appeals to the

understanding, powerfully affecting the passions, improving the judgment, and at once touching and amending the immortal part? We notice this play, not to enter into a critical examination of Mr. Young's acting (though this is a subject that would afford scope for an essay not altogether uninteresting, were we not compelled to abstain from it in order to be able to observe upon newer matters), but simply to repeat our approbation of his performance. His merits are exceedingly great, and it gives us pleasure to add, that, improvement is, every time we see him, observeable, even in one who already stands so high as to leave small compass for very visible amendments.—Of Miss Mathews we have ever spoken favourably. Her Ophelia, so far from altering our opinion, confirms it. She looked the part sweetly, played it well, and sung with great pathos and taste.

Nov. 10th, a new farce, entitled the *Invisible Bridegroom*, was produced, and, though it has since been repeated, may fairly be pronounced to be a failure. The following is its brief outline.

“The *Invisible Bridegroom*, Captain Squander, engaged to be married, unluckily, at the very time he looks for the accomplishment of his wishes, is arrested for a debt, and exchanges the fetters of matrimony for the fetters of the law. The main business of the piece is to account for the failure of the hero in his appointment with the lady, which is done by several ingenious contrivances of his servant Shirk (Mathews), who personates three different characters in the piece, viz. a French doctor, a sheriff's officer, and an attorney, and thereby maintains the deception. The explanation of the title is, that the hero of the piece, the Captain, is neither seen nor heard from beginning to end. The result of course is his happy release and marriage. There is an under-plot of no merit, and in truth the same may be said of the upper-plot. The farce is altogether one of those paltry things written for, and resting upon, the abilities of a particular actor: it is the vehicle for another edition of Mathews' mimicry, which, though entertaining enough, may, in our humble opinion, be drawn out too often, and too much. Blanchard and Little Booth, as well as Mathews, exerted themselves to sustain this flimsy production, but no effort could impart

strength or spirit to a weak and contemptible *caput mortuum*. The author's name is prudently kept as invisible as his chief character; this concealment is the only wise thing of which we can accuse him.

ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.—On Monday the 15th, this play, so frequently written and re-written, modified and re-modified, was again new modelled, we are told by Mr. Harris, and re-produced at Covent Garden Theatre with great splendour. The bills announced it as “with alterations and additions from Dryden;” and well they might, when, out of *nine* prominent male characters, we have, besides, *seven* inferior personages, *five* which are not in Dryden's play, viz. Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, Agrippa, Thyreus, and Enobarbus. These are engrafted from Shakespeare, but little of the work is the present compiler's, for a similar piece of joinership had previously been executed by Capell and Garrick. Shakspeare's play, on the other hand, presented some sixteen or eighteen inferior parts, which are here omitted. It was to reduce these multitudes within the rules of Aristotle, and to approximate the unities (dispersed by our immortal bard over all the Roman Empire, and through a long period of time) more to the ancient model, that Dryden took up his pen, and perfected a poem, in which he tells us he has not copied his author servilely, and that he has excelled himself by imitating him.

Mr. Harris, if it be that he is emulous of Arnold's fame, has added, in this instance, the sin of authorship to his other offences; has been less adventurous. A few connecting (*not connected*) lines, and a few specimens of transposition, are the extent of his labours. Into these we have neither space nor inclination to travel very minutely. The former were of course absolutely necessary, and a half dozen of coarse threads, however clumsily introduced, are insufficient to spoil the texture of a whole web of excellent stuff. With regard to the latter, we confess not to have taken the pains in comparing the various editions so carefully as to enable us to speak decidedly upon the question of their being generally sanctioned by sound discretion, or the reverse. Yet in one prominent part, the change is certainly no improve-

ment. We allude to the transfer of the best scene in the play (in Dryden's opinion) that between Ventidius and Anthony from the second to the fourth act. As it originally stood, it greatly augmented the interest of subsequent scenes; as it is now placed, it is lugged in head and shoulders, without effect on any other portion of the play, and, from its insulated situation, looks more like an unskilful interpolation, than a necessary part to the whole. In fine, it does not strike us that the alterations which have been adopted, display pre-eminent taste or judgment; and, indeed were we disposed to think so, an introduction given with the new copy is so full of pedantic affectation and coxcombry, as to forbid every idea of its having sprung from a soul of genius, or a head of sense. But we are not fastidious, and are content,

. . . Since that plenteous autumn now is past,  
 Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd our taste,  
 to regale ourselves on humbler fare, be satisfied even with second-hand hashes, and

Take in good part from our *poor poet's* board,  
 Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

The general effect of the piece, notwithstanding the most gorgeous scenery, dresses, and decorations, is dull and languid. Of the performers, we may speak in general very favourably: the exertions of all were great, and where there is no lack of goodwill to the work, we are not inclined to say any thing harsh of its execution. But it would be unjust not to make the proper distinctions, for nothing is so fatal to the exhibition of real talent, as to bestow ill-earned praise on pretenders, or even to class together an indiscriminate eulogy, the excellent and the indifferent, and confound in censure the innocent with the guilty. Young's Anthony was marked with unusual discrimination, and given with fine effect. It was the only point of interest in the piece. Mrs. Faucit's Cleopatra was of another description. She is a showy woman, and would do well to attend to the advice we gave her in our last Number before, by appearing in a line of characters utterly unsuited to her. She acquires a dramatic reputation so

inferior to what we think she ought to aim at, that no future success will raise her to that standard in public opinion, which she is losing sight of by these ill-advised essays at tragic supremacy. Of Mrs. M'Gibbon in Octavia, Terry in Ventidius, and Abbott in Octavio, all we have room to say is, that they were as excellent as their parts admitted.

---

DRURY LANE.

On the 30th of October, a new comedy, in five acts, was brought out under the title of "First Impressions, or Trade in the West." This play is from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, one of the gentlemen concerned in that very successful *bagatelle*—the Rejected Addresses, and sole author of that very unsuccessful trifle, "The Absent Apothecary."—Mr. Smith played the audience a trick which was hardly fair. He gave them to understand, in the prologue to his play, that the author was a new candidate for public favour. He called for the indulgence due

"To inexperience and a first offence."

It has since been hinted the hoax originated in a fear, that if he were known to be the author of the comedy, his brother bards, who had felt the pungency of his satire, would have revenged themselves on him by damning his play. This was not a very liberal apprehension, and it was a piece of pitiful cowardice to tell an untruth—a deliberate untruth—an untruth in rhyme, from such a motive. The author no doubt gets over it to himself, by saying—"this is my first comedy."—It may be so, but if an offence at all, it is not his *first offence*, and this he, as author of "The Absent Apothecary," must have felt. If he has written his prologue so guardedly, that it does not positively pronounce a falsehood in words, it gives one in sense, and reminds us of the cautious misrepresentations of *Master Blifil*, who is described as telling a lie not with the tongue, but with the heart.

"First Impressions," though a play which in some of its scenes may boast of good writing, good sense, and genuine wit, is upon the whole a very bad comedy. The characters want strength,

originality, and consistency. The business is unwieldy and uninteresting in itself, and so awkwardly conducted, that the absurdity of the arrangement excites our risibility more powerfully than the best witticisms in the play. In the first scene, a Mr. *Fortescue* tells the audience (in a soliloquy), that he has been very ill-used by his friend, whose treachery has robbed him of the affections of his mistress. For this he resolves upon a great revenge, by heaping benefits on the offender. A scene or two after it appears, that this friend is a very good character, and that that which had hurt the feelings of *Fortescue*, and which was contained in a letter to the lady, was said of a *Professor Trifleton*. It is of course apparent, that the revenge completed, the reconciliation will be effected, and the audience are only left to wonder, first how the gentleman came to read the lady's letter, and secondly how he could be such a fool as to suppose what was said of the professor referred to himself. All explanation is carefully avoided through four acts, and the parties stalk about in a terrible fume, but with very little to do (for the play is barren of incident), and, in the first scene of the fifth act, the friends meet, explain, shake hands, and thenceforward go on to the end, embracing every body they meet, and the curtain closes on a mass of irrational rapture.

The situations in this comedy are very poor, and at the same time very preposterous. One half of the *dramatis personæ* are continually passing, *sans ceremonie*, into the houses of the other, and some of them, after getting in, heaven knows how, dodge about without being discovered, as adroitly as rats in a barn, and seek their hiding places as orderly on the approach of company.

On the 13th of November, Mr. Braham made his first appearance this season in *Count Bellino*, in "The Devil's Bridge!" He was welcomed with rapture, and has since performed several of his favourite characters with all his wonted excellence, and with universal applause.

A young lady made her *debut* in *Juliet*, on the 18th. This was said to be her first appearance on any stage; but we understand, she is well known at most of the provincial theatres, where she has performed under the name of Neville, or Stanley. She

had all the airs of an old stager. She displayed some talent, and met with a favourable reception. Like most of the profession who attempt this character, she seemed more anxious to display her powers than her judgment, and was more successful in picturing the frantic ravings, than the interesting softness of the fair Capulet.

The 22d produced a musical farce, said to be from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, called "Who's to have Her?" Of this piece we have only to say, it was very harmless and very insipid. The drollery of Munden, in a drunken servant, and the pleasing music supplied by Reeve, caused it to be endured. It was longer than it ought to be. When it ended, its foes were too sleepy to hiss, and its friends too weary to applaud; so it was announced for the next evening, without calling forth a strong expression either way. The following is the only song worth extracting.

"A he, or a she dog, named Pompey or Dido,  
(Perhaps you know which, but I cannot say that I do)  
With a bone in his grinders, while crossing a brook,  
His shade for a substance unwisely mistook,

And thought he another dog espied O,  
Dog snapp'd!—Bone he sunk! Dog was woefully cheated,  
And thus may each puppy who wou'd grasp all be defeated.

Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, lack a-daisy Dido!

"I've another little tale, you've been haply told of such a one,  
Not a tale of a Dog, but a Bird, who hadn't much of one—  
A Raven stole a lump of cheese, or bought it if you will,  
For if she didn't pay for it, she had it in her bill,

When a fox on a bough her espied O!  
Cajoled her to warble, down fell the cheese—sly Reynard  
caught it!

And Crow stood open-mouth'd just like the sign of who'd have  
thought it.

Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, lack a-daisy Dido!

Last, not least, a new grand melo dramatic oriental spectacle,  
in three acts, called "Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad,"  
was brought out on Thursday the 25th.

This spectacle is nominally from the pen of Lord Byron. We say nominally, for the story, every one must be aware, is taken from the "Nourjahad" of the late Mrs. Sheridan, mother of Richard Brinsley, and author of Sidney Biddulph, &c. The music, the scenery, the machinery, the processions, and the dances, are furnished by other caterers, for the amusement of the public, so that the directions for the actors (with the exception of those supplied by the prompter), and the arrangement of the scenes, are all the noble Lord has done for it. When we say all, we mean, all that is worthy of notice, for it would be treating his lordship with that sort of contempt, which would be much out of its place, applied to a man of his acknowledged talent, to speak of the dialogue as a thing of any importance in his estimation, or in ours. This portion of "Illusion," has been thrown in, merely to hold the more important parts of the drama together, and is no more entitled to consideration for its literary merits, than the words written by the facetious Fielding, as a magistrate, to fill up warrants, &c. are as a specimen of the talent of that inimitable author. Lord Byron, feeling that an animated dialogue must detract greatly from the effect of a splendid scene, determined to admit nothing but common place, matter of course, phrases into this drama. He has firmly ridiculed the affectation of introducing a comic servant into pieces of this description, in the character of *Hasem*, who is made the representative of a droll, without having any thing ludicrous to say. The beginning of the third act is the only part in which the noble Lord has departed from his original design, so far as to suffer any thing like feeling or felicity of expression to appear.—As the arranger of the scenes, he has displayed very little ingenuity.

## GENERAL INDEX.

*The Articles with a Star (\*) prefixed are poetical.*

### A

- \* A brace of opposition similes, 558.
- Account of the Brumycham chamber of intelligents, 138.
- Address to the Public, 94.
- Address to the people of France, 477.
- Agency, love, 385.
- Anatomy, comparative, or Boney's new levies filling up the skeletons of the old conscripts, 378.
- \* An acrostic, 384.
- Anecdotes of Cooke the actor, 357.
- Applications for the laureatship, 241.
- Arts and artists, British, 55.

### B

- Bad times, or worse and worse, 128.
- Balance of power, 440.
- Balloon philosophy, or Derby illuminati, 389.
- Barbauld's first book for children, 181.
- Bard, the, of Horsemonger Lane, 302.
- Battles galore, or the war poet, 429.
- \* Bedlam, lines to, 33.
- \* Bedlam, lines to, 123.
- \* Beero and Pewterina, a tragedy, 105.
- Biography, theatrical, or the labours of self-importance, 257.
- British arts and artists, 55.
- British Bibliographical Pile, 312, 398, 504.
- Brumycham chamber of intelligents, account of the, 138.
- Byron's, Lord Giaour, review of, 70.

### C

- \* Cabbages, the, a true story, 310.
- \* Cadogan, lines on the death of, at Vittoria, 397.
- Catholic board, or Irish counselors, 156.
- Catholic convents, and sailor lovers, 207.
- Chamber of Brumycham intelligents, 138.
- \* Cheltenham epistles, 382.

VOL. XIII.

- Cheltenham, curious account of, with epitaphs of several persons, 481.
- Colman's vagaries vindicated, review of, 168.
- Comedy and tragedy, 1.
- Comedy, 4.
- Comparative anatomy, or Boney's new levies filling up the skeletons of the old conscripts, 378.
- Congress, the, for peace, alias war, 193.
- \* Constant Kitty, the wife of the buffs, or morbid sensibility, 404.
- Conversion of a sinner, 414.
- Cooke, George Frederic, memoirs of, by Dunlap, observations on, and copious selections from the work, 333.
- Cooke, the actor, curious anecdotes of, 357.
- Creevey, squire, the libeller, 59.
- Criticism, parliamentary, No. 5, Mr. G——n, 38.
- Criticism, newspaper comparative, 53.
- Criticisms, parliamentary, 500.
- Crown Prince, short memoir of, 399.
- Cunningham, Allan, review of his songs, and specimens of the poetry, 271.

### D

- Debates, recessional, by Woodfall Redivivus, 115.
- De L'Alemagne, by the Baroness De Stael Holstein, interesting extracts from, 526.
- Derby illuminati, or balloon philosophy, 389.
- \* Discord, the progress of, a song sung at Birmingham, 107.
- Dream, Richard's, a fragment, 416.

### E

- Enfield association, or the holly stick, 328.
- \* Epistles, Cheltenham, 382.
- \* Exchange of prisoners, or the pigs, 331.

## GENERAL INDEX.

### F

- False prophet, the, 475.  
 Feast of the Papists, 41.  
 Ford, the Rev. Mr. ordinary of  
 Newgate, letter to, 307.  
 France, people of, address to, 477.

### G

- Giaour, the review of, 70.

### H

- Hints for a new jest book, 21.  
 Hissing languages, 384.  
 Holly-stick, or the Enfield associa-  
 tion, 328.  
 • Holland, impromptu on the late  
 events which have taken place in,  
 480.  
 • Honour! Honour! Honour! 53.  
 • Honour! Honour! Honour!  
 scene in the celebrated drama  
 lately performed in Ireland with  
 universal applause, 296.  
 Horsemonger Lane, the bard of, 302.  
 Hoy, letter from, 366.  
 Hunt (ington), William, the death  
 and burial of, 145.

### I

- Indian jugglers, their performances  
 described, and compared with  
 the court of directors, 97.  
 Imperial tiger hunt, description of,  
 473.  
 • Impromptu on the late events  
 which have taken place in Hol-  
 land, 480.  
 Ireland's honours, or the duel pre-  
 vented, 195.  
 Irish counsellors and Catholic  
 board, 156.

### J

- Jest book, hints for a new one, 21.  
 Jugglers, Indian, account of their  
 performances, 97.

### L

- Lancaster system, the, 435.  
 Languages, hissing, 384.  
 Last session of parliament, 221.  
 Laureatship, applications for, 241.  
 Letter from the boy, 366.  
 Letter to the Rev. Mr. Ford, ordi-  
 nary of Newgate, 307.  
 Lord Thurlow's Poems, 209.  
 • Lord, the genuine, 220.  
 Love agency, 385.

### M

- Marmion and Kehama, 422.  
 Meeting, the sorrowful, 536.  
 Memoirs of Cooke the actor, by  
 Dunlap, review of, and some  
 amusing selections from, 338.

Mock auctions, or swindling with  
 impunity, 417.

Monuments, the two immortal, 152.

Moon, the, letter to the man in the  
 moon, by Sublunarius—\* Epi-  
 gram, "the point evenenomed too"

—on Mr. Burke, during Hastings's  
 trial—a counsellor of necessity—

• Epigram on the same—Anec-  
 dote of a blunder committed by

Sir Harry Hartsonge, in the Irish  
 house of commons—Baffling a

missionary—Omniscience igno-  
 rant—\* The coat and the pillow,

a fable—\* A legal pun—\* On a  
 certain colonel of patriotic noto-

riety being confined in the King's  
 Bench prison—\* A reason for a

new theatre, humbly addressed to  
 Mr. Whitbread—The increase of

London accounted for—Cobbett's  
 fall, 69—\* The blush a tale of (a

lass)—alas! too true—\* To Miss  
 S. Booth—\* A good excuse—

• To the electors of W—st—ster  
 —American divorces—\* Dr. Har-

rington's remark on hearing his  
 "Eloi" sung at the Abbey church,

Bath, by Catalani, Bellamy, and  
 Vaughan—\* On the same—\* Elo-

gium on the late victory of Viltor-  
 ria—Intercepted letter!! from

King Joseph to the Empress Re-  
 gent of France, dated from under

the shade of a walnut-tree—\* The  
 last cannon, 167—\* To Myra—

• Magrath and O'Connell, a pa-  
 rody on Evelyn's Bower—\* Im-

promptu on the capture of the  
 Argus—\* On a long-winded poet

—\* To Messrs. O'Connell and  
 Magrath, on their late escape

from a duel (a pitched duel)  
 which they had walked out to

fight, accompanied by an im-  
 mense concourse of spectators—

• Cold comfort—Heretofore and  
 hereafter, an Irish advertisement,

270—\* America—\* A happy ex-  
 pedient—\* On the proposed

electrical telegraphs—The man-  
 ner in which a Mrs. F. of Throg-

morton street, treats and feeds  
 her dog—\* Impromptu on the

taking of Baron Clout, Marshal  
 Ney's adjutant-general—\* Canto,

Napoleon Buonaparte escaped  
 from Russia, 366—\* A small

paragraph off the 1st and 2d re-

## GENERAL INDEX.

giments of life-guards—Hap Hazard—\* Loose teeth—\* Asses' Milk—\* An Alphabetical question—\* Store no sore—\* Lines on a snuff-box, impromptu—\* On the lady of Mr. Long Wellesley being delivered of a son—\* To the Regent—\* Boney at Dresden—Blarney, 453—\* The Orange cockade—\* Flirtation—\* A middling pun—\* The actor—\* Epigram on an apple being thrown at Cooke, the actor, while performing Sir Archy Macsycophant—\* Epigram on the death of Isaac Reed, the great book collector—\* Epigram—\* Cupid's promise—\* New Boots, 544.  
\* Morbid sensibility; or constant Kitty, the wife of the buffs, 404.—Part second, 494.  
\* Moreau, General, an acrostic on, 384.  
Myrrh, new bundle of, 30.

### N

Nameless, 205.  
Nap the Corsican, and Sam the brewer, 153.  
New bundle of myrrh, 30.  
Newspaper review, 7.  
Newspaper comparative criticism, 53, 224.  
Nobleman, the new-fangled, 201.  
Northcote's life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, observations on, and extracts from, 316.

### O

\* On the report that it is in contemplation to substitute an electrical mode of communication with the outposts (by means of wires laid under ground) for the existing telegraphic system, 200.  
\* Opposition similes, a brace of, 558.

### P

Papists, the feast of the, 41.  
Parliament, the last session of, 221.  
Parliamentary criticism, No. 5, Mr. G—n, 38.  
Parliamentary criticisms, 500.  
\* Peace, 545.  
Peace, alias war, the congress for, 193.  
People of France, address to, 477.  
Pigs, the, or exchange of prisoners, 331.  
Pile, the British Bibliographical, 312, 398, 504.

Poems, Lord Thurlow's, 209.  
Power, balance of, 440.

### R

Re-cess-ional debates, by Woodfall Redivivus, 115.  
Review, newspaper, 7.  
Review of new publications—The Giaour, a fragment of a Turkish tale, by Lord Byron, 70. Colman's vagaries vindicated—Barbault's first book for children, 191. Songs, chiefly in the rural language of Scotland, by Allan Cunningham, with specimens of the poetry, 271. The rival roses, or the wars of York and Lancaster, 291. Northcote's life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with some extracts, 316. Dunlap's memoirs of Cooke, the actor, strictures on, and copious and amusing extracts from, 338. Hersee's poems, observations on.—Mourning wreath, critique and copious extracts from, 459. Lady Douglas's vindication of her conduct respecting the Princess of Wales.—Intercepted letters, or the two-penny post-bag, 548.  
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, Northcote's life of, observations on, and extracts from, 316.  
Richard's dream, a fragment, 416.

### S

Sailor lovers, and Catholic convents, 206.  
\* Santerre, 128.  
Scandalum Magnatum, by Moinus Squaretoes, 150.  
\* Scene in the celebrated drama of Honour! Honour! Honour! 296.  
Sinner, conversion of a, 414.  
Sir Thomas Turtton, and the Surrey election, 511.  
Short memoir of the Crown Prince, 399.  
\* Song—sung at the public dinner, at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, "The Progress of Discord," 107.  
Songs by Allan Cunningham, review of, and a specimen of the poetry 271.  
Squire Creevey, the libeller, 59.  
\* Sugar-and-Coffeead, 518.  
Swindling with impunity, or mock auctions, 417.  
Theatrical biography, or the labours of self-importance, 257.

## GENERAL INDEX.

**THEATRES.**—The Opera House—very little novelty—Tramezzani condescended to play the count part in *Nozze Figaro*. The ballet of *Le Deserteur* indifferently received; the pecuniary differences of the theatre in a worse state than ever, 90. Covent Garden—Mr. Betty assuming the functions of *his own* reviewer; a copy of the *modest* paragraph in his praise, 90. Drury Lane—Account and critique on Mr. Skeffington's *Lose no Time*, and the *Hole in the Wall*. Mr. Payne, the American *Roscins*, the partial newspaper accounts relative to his performance, 93.—The Pantheon to be opened as a summer theatre, 93. Opera House, account of the, with some queries relative to the pecuniary disbursements, 182. Covent Garden Theatre, account of the closing of, with Mr. Fawcett's farewell address to the audience. Animadversions on private boxes; secession of Miss Bolton, and Mrs. C. Kemble; animadversions on the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble; preparations for the re-opening the theatre, with regard to internal improvements, said to be on a large scale, 183. Drury Lane Theatre, account of its close for the season, with the singular speech of Mr. Raymond, with animadversions on it, 187. Lyceum—English Operas—account of its opening; the revival of the *Jovial Crew*, *Shipwreck*, &c. 190.—The Pantheon, opening of, with the address spoken on the occasion; account of the performers, &c. 192.—Haymarket Theatre still closed; waiting the decision of the Lord Chancellor, 192.—Lyceum—First performance of a new farce, called *Sharp and Flat*, account of its reception, and a critique, 284. Opera House, the pecuniary difficulties under which it labours; Tramezzani and Catalani's engagements terminated, 368.—Covent Garden, account of the opening of, with a description of the various improvements it had undergone; Mr. Porteus, strictures on his

performance of Dennis Brulgrudery; first appearance of Miss Rennell; account of her reception, and observations on her performance. First appearance of Mr. Terry, from Edinburgh, with a critique on his performance. Miss Matthews, from Bath, her first appearance, with an account of her performance. The first appearance of Mrs. Kennedy, from York; animadversions on her performance. Mrs. M'Gibbon, a copious account of her reception and performance of Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*, on the first night of her appearance. Mr. Young's *Stranger*; revival of *Aladdin*; observations on Mrs. H. Johnston's assuming the male attire, vice Mrs. C. Kemble. Mr. Terry's performance of *Lord Ogleby*, strictures on; first appearance of Mr. Vining; revival of *Artaxerxes*, introducing Miss Stevens to the stage; a full account of her performance, 369.—Drury Lane, opening of, account of Mr. Gattie's performance; Elliston's *Leon*; Mrs. Glover's *Estifania*; first appearance of Mr. Hughes, with a minute account of him; critique on Mr. Stephen Kemble's performance of *Falstaff*, and introducing some amusing observations from a morning paper, 373. Lyceum, the closing of, with copious animadversions on the conduct of the proprietors, with respect to the Pantheon; farewell address, 375.—Covent Garden—Mr. Conway, account of his first appearance on the London boards, with copious strictures on his performance, and condemnation of the farce of the *Nondescript*; revival of *Selima* and *Azor*; Mr. Conway's second appearance; his performance of *Othello*, and *Jaffier*, and *Romeo*, criticised at length; account of the Miller and his Men, fable, &c. 460. Drury Lane, account of Godolphin, with animadversions; this theatre, playing almost to empty boxes; Mr. Munden expected to draw, 471.—Covent Garden—revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Henry V.*;

## GENERAL INDEX.

- strictures on Conway's performance of Henry V.; satirical observations on the cast of the characters, &c.; Miss Mathews's first appearance in Ophelia, account of; Antony and Cleopatra, a copious critique on the performance of, including Young's Antony, Mrs. Fawcett's Cleopatra, Mrs. M'Gibbon's Octavia, and Mr. Terry's Ventidius, &c. 560. Drury Lane, strictures on the new comedy of First Impressions; account of Mr. Braham's first appearance this season, in the Devil's Bridge; Who's to have her? a new farce, account of, with a droll song subjoined; Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad, critique on, 505.  
 The bard of Horsemonger Lane, 302.  
 The British Bibliographical Pile, 312, 398, 504.  
 The Brumycham chamber of intelligents, account of, 138.  
 The Catholic board, and Irish counsellors, 156.  
 The congress for peace, alias war, 193.  
 \* The cabbages, a true story, 310.  
 The death and burial of William Hunt-(ington), sinner saved, 145.  
 The duel prevented, or Ireland's honours, 195.  
 The feast of the Papists, 41.  
 The false prophet, 475.  
 \* The genuine Lord, 220.  
 The holly-stick, or the Eusfield association, 328.  
 The Indian jugglers, account of their performances, 97.  
 The last session of parliament, 221.  
 The Lancaster system, 435.  
 The libeller, Squire Creevey, 59.  
 The new-fangled nobleman, 201.  
 The new bundle of myrrh, 30.  
 \* The progress of discord, a song sung at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, 107.  
 \* The pigs, or exchange of prisoners, 331.  
 \* The Sugar-and-Coffeiad, 518.  
 The sorrowful meeting, 536.  
 The Unitarian dinner, as lately taken at the London Tavern, 28.  
 The war poet, or battles galore, 429.  
 The war critic, 492.  
 The witch of Endor, or the unexpected ghost (explanation of the plate), 289.  
 The two immortal monuments, Nap the Corsican, and Sam the brewer, 152.  
 The victory of Vittoria, 109.  
 Thurlow's, Lord, poems, 209.  
 Tiger hunt, the imperial, 473.  
 Times, bad, or worse and worse, 199.  
 To Bedlam, 33.  
 \* To Bedlam, 123.  
 Tragedy and comedy, 1.  
 Turton, Sir Thomas, and the Surrey election, 511.

### U

- Unexpected ghost, or the witch of Endor (explanation of plate), 289.  
 Unitarian dinner, the, 28.

### V

- Vagaries vindicated, review of, 168.  
 Vittoria, the victory of, 109.  
 \* Vittoria.—The death of Cadogan, 337.

### W

- War critic, the, 492.  
 War poet, or battles galore, 429.  
 William Hunt-(ington), the death and burial of, 145.  
 Woodfall Redivivus, re-cessional debates, by, 115.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

NEW SERIES—THIRD VOLUME.

J. BAILEY, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.

THE NEW YORK

# ATLANTIC

## MONTHLY MEETING



THE NEW YORK

ATLANTIC

MONTHLY MEETING

